THE SCORNFVLL LADIE.

A COMEDY.

As it was now lately Acted (with great applause) by the Kings Majesties Servants, *at the Blacke-Fryers.*

Written by FRANCIS BEAVMONT, and IOHN FLETCHER, *Gentlemen.*

The fourth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* 1635.

The Actors are these.

Elder LOVELESSE, *a Suter to the Lady.*
Young LOVELESSE, *a Prodigall.*
SAVILL, *Steward to the Elder* LOVELESSE.
LADY, *and* } *two Sisters.*
MARTHA, }
YOVNGLOVE, *or* ABIGALL, *a waiting Gentlewoman.*
WELFORD, *a Suter to the Lady.*
Sir ROGER, *Curate to the Lady.*

A { CAPTAINE, TRAVELLER, POET, TOBACCO-MAN, } *hangers on to Young* LOVELESSE.

Wenches.
Fidlers.
MORECRAT, *an Vsurer.*
A rich Widdow.
Attendants.

Johnson 1898
182 : 68

THE SCORNFVLL LADY.

A COMEDY.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Enter the two Loveleſſes, Savill the Steward, and a Page.

Elder Love:

BRother is your laſt hope paſt to mollifie *Moresrafts* heart about your Morgage?

Young Love. Hopeleſſely paſt: I have preſented the Vſurer with a richer draught than ever *Cleopatra* ſwallowed; hee hath ſuckt in tenne thouſand pounds worth of my Land, more than hee paid for at a gulpe; without Trumpets.

El, Lo. I have as hard a taske to performe in this houſe.

Young Lo. Faith mine was to make an Vſurer honeſt, or to loſe my Land.

El. Lo. And mine is to perſwade a paſſionate woman, or to leave the Land.

Yo. Lo. Make the boat ſtay, I feare I ſhall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkeneſſe of the night and the roughneſſe of the waters might eaſily diſſwade an unwilling man.

Savill, Sir, your Fathers old friends hold it the ſounder courſe for your body and eſtate to ſtay at home and marry, and propagate and governe in your Countrey, then to travell and dye without iſſue.

Eld. Love. Savill, you ſhall gaine the opinion of a better

ſervant, in ſeeking to execute, not alter my will, howſoever my intents ſucceed.

Yo. Lo. Yonders Miſtriſſe *Abigall* Brother, the grave rubber of your Miſtriſſe toes.

Enter Miſtris Abigall, the waiting woman.

El. Lo. Miſtris *Abigall.*

Abig. Maſter *Lackleſſe*, truly we thought your ſayles had been hoiſt: my Miſtris is perſwaded you are Sea ſicke ere this.

El. Lo. Loves ſhe her ill taken up reſolution ſo dearely? Didſt thou move her from mee?

Abig. By this light that ſhines, there's no removing her, if ſhe get a ſtiffe opinion by the end. I attempted her to day, when they ſay a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What critieall minute was that?

Abig. When her ſmocke was over her eares; but ſhee was no more pliant than if it hung about her heeles.

El. Lo. I prethee deliver my ſervice, and ſay, I deſire to ſee the deare cauſe of my baniſhment; and then for *France*.

Abig. Ile do't: harke hither, is that your Brother?

El. Lo. Yes, have you loſt your memory?

Abig. As I live hee's a pretty fellow. *Exit.*

Yo. Lo. O this is a ſweet *Brache*.

El. Lo. Why ſhee knowes not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but ſhee offered mee once to know her: to this day ſhe loves youth of eighteene; ſhee heard a tale how *Cupid* ſtrucke her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but hee never ſaw her; yet ſhee in kindneſſe would needs weare a willow garland at his wedding. Shee low'd all the Players in the laſt Queenes time once over: Shee was ſtrooke when they acted Lovers, and forſooke ſome when they played murthers. Shee has nine *Spurroyals*, and the ſervants ſay ſhee hoards old gold; and ſhee her ſelfe pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldeſt Son, or her Miſtris husbands Clarke ſhall be, that marries her, ſhall make her a joynture of foure ſcore pounds a yeare; ſhee tells tales of the Serving-men.

Eld. Lo. Enough, I know her brother. I ſhall intreat you onely to ſalute my Miſtris, and take leave, wee'l part at the ſtaires.

Enter

Enter Lady and Waiting-woman.

La. Now sir, this first part of your will is performed: what's the rest?

Elder Lo. First, let mee beg your notice, for this Gentleman my brother.

La. I shall take it as a favour done to me, though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have beene ready to have done him freer curtesies as a stranger, then upon those cold commendations.

Young. Lo. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance, and leave at once.

La. Sir I hope you are the Master of your owne occasions.

Ex. Young. Lo. Savill.

El. Lo. Would I were so. Mistresse, for mee to praise over againe that worth, which all the world, and you your selfe can see.

La. Its a cold Rome this; Servant.

El. Lo. Mistresse.

La. What thinke you, if I have a Chimney for't out here?

El. Lo. Mistresse another in my place, that were not tyed to beleeve all your actions just; would apprehend himselfe wrong'd: But I, whose vertues are constancie and obedience.

La. Abigall, make a good fire above to warme me, after my servants *Exordiums*.

Eld. Lo. I have heard and seene your affabilitie to bee such, that the servants you give wages to may speake.

La. Tis true, tis true; but they speake to'th purpose.

El. Lo. Mistres, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man—

La. A Simile servant? This roome was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainely, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes*, and *Metaphors*? If you have ought to say, breake into't: my answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. Lo. Mistres I came to see you.

La. Thats happily dispacht, the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you. *La.* To be gone *El. Lo.* Yes.

La. You need not have diſpair'd of that, nor have us'd ſo many circumſtances, to win me to give you leave to performe my command; is there a third.

El. Lo. Yes, I had a third, had you beene apt to heare it.

La. I? never apter. Faſt (good Servant) faſt.

El. Lo. Twas to entreat you to heare reaſon.

La. Moſt willingly; have you brought one can ſpeake it?

El. Lo. Laſtly, it is to kindle in that barren heart, love and forgiveneſſe.

La. You would ſtay at home?

Elder Lo. Yes Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtleſſy will, when you have debated, that your Commander is but your Miſtres, a woman, a weake one, wildly overborne with paſſions: but the thing by her commanded, is to ſee *Dovers* dreadfull Cliffe, paſſing in a poore Water-houſe; the dangers of the mercileſſe channell, twixt that and *Callis*, five long houres ſayle, with three poore weekes victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumbe, unable to enquire for an Engliſh hoaſt, to remove from Citie to Citie, by moſt chargeable poſt-horſe, like one that rode in queſt of his Mother-tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all theſe (almoſt invincible labours) performed for your Miſtres, to be in danger to forſake her, and to put on new allegeance to ſome French Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole yeare ſpent in tennis and broken ſpeech, to ſtand to the hazard of being laught at, at your returne, and have tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

Eld. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. Lowder yet.

El. Lo. You know your leaſt word is of force to make mee ſeeke out dangers, moove mee not with toyes: but in this baniſhment, I muſt take leave to ſay, you are unjuſt: was one kiſſe forc't from you in publike, by me ſo unpardonable? Why all the houres of day and night have ſeene us kiſſe.

Lady. Tis

Lady. Tis true, and ſo you told the company that heard mee chide.

Elder Loveleſſe. Your owne eyes were not dearer to you then I?

Lady. And ſo you told um.

Elder Love. I did, yet no ſigne of diſgrace need to haue ſtain'd your cheeke: you your ſelfe, knew your pure and ſimple heart to bee moſt unſpotted, and free from the leaſt baſeneſſe,

Lady. I did: But if a Maids heart doth but once thinke that ſhee is ſuſpected, her owne face will write her guiltie.

Elder Lo. But where lay this diſgrace? The world that knew us, knew our reſolutions well: And could it bee hop'd that I ſhould give away my freedome, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I never kiſt? or could I in ſtrict wiſedome take too much love upon mee, from her that choſe me for her Husband?

Lady. Beleeve me; if my wedding ſmocke were on,
Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licenſe come,
Were the Roſe-mary branches dipt, and all
The Hipocriſt and Cakes eate and drunke off,
Were theſe two armes incompaſt with the hands
Of Bachelors to leade me to the Church,
Were my feete in the doore, were I *Iohn*, ſaid,
If *Iohn* ſhould boaſt a favour done by me,
I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,
When you have ſpent this yeare commodiouſly,
In atchieving Languages, will at your returne
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Then ſuch a friend: More talke I hold not now,
If you dare goe.

Elder Lo. I dare you know: Firſt let me kiſſe.

Lady. Farewell ſweet Servant, your taske perform'd,
On a new ground as a beginning Sutor,
I ſhall be apt to heare you.

Elder Lo. Farewell cruell Miſtreſſe. [*Exit Lady*

Enter

Enter Young Loveleſſe and Savill.

Young. Lo. Brother youle hazard the looſing your tide to *Graveſend:* you have a long halfe mile by Land to *Greenewich.*

Elder Lo. I goe: but Brother, what yet unheard of courſe to live, doth your imagination flatter with you? Your ordinary meanes are devour'd.

Young Lo. Courſe, why, horſe-courſing I thinke: conſume no time in this: I have no eſtate to be mended by meditation: he that buſies himſelfe about my fortunes, may properly be ſaid, to buſie himſelfe about nothing.

Elder Lo. Yet ſome courſe you muſt take, which for my ſatisfaction reſolve and open: If you will ſhape none, I muſt informe you that, that man but perſwades himſelfe hee meanes to live, that imagines not the meanes.

Young Lo. Why live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

Elder Lo. I apprehend not that: you have fed others, and conſequently diſpos'd of 'um: and the ſame meaſure muſt you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavie an alteration for you to beare.

Young Lo. Why, ile purſe; if that raiſe mee not, ile bet at Bowling-alleyes, or man Whores; I would faine live by others: but ile live whilſt I am unhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

Elder Love. I ſee you are ty'd to no particular imployment then?

Young Lo. Faith I may chooſe my courſe: they ſay nature brings forth none, but ſhe provides for them: Ile try her liberalitie.

Elder Lo. Well, to keepe your feete out of baſe and dangerous pathes. I have reſolved, you ſhall live as Maſter of my Houſe. It ſhall bee your care *Savill*, to ſee him fed and clothed, not according to his preſent eſtate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Young. Love. If it be referd to him, if I be not found in Carnation jearſie ſtockins, blew divels breeches, with the guards downe, and my pocket i'th ſleeves, ile nere looke you i'th face againe.

Sa. A comelier weare I weſſe it is, then thoſe dangling ſlops.

Elder Lo

El. Lo. To keepe you ready to doe him all ſervice peaceably, and him to command you reaſonably; I leave theſe further directions in writing, which at your beſt leiſure together, open and reade.

Enter Abigall to them with a Iewell.

Abig. Sir, my Miſtreſſe commends her love to you in this token, and theſe words; it is a Iewell (ſhe ſayes) which as a favour from her ſhee would requeſt you to weare, till your yeares travaile be performed: which once expired, ſhe will haſtily expect your happy returne.

El. Lo. Returne my ſervice with ſuch thankes, as ſhee may imagine the heart of a ſuddenly over-joyed man, would willingly utter; and you (I hope) I ſhall with ſlender arguments perſwade to weare this Diamond; that when my Miſtreſſe ſhall through my long abſence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget me, you may call your eye downe to your finger, and remember, and ſpeake of me: She will heare thee better then thoſe allied by birth to her: as wee ſee many men much ſwayed by the Groomes of their Chambers, not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their ſecrets.

Abig. A my credit I ſweare, I thinke 'twas made for mee: Feare no other Sutors.

Elder Love. I ſhall not need to teach you how to diſcredit their beginning, you know how to take exception at their ſhirts at waſhing, or to make the maids ſweare they found plaſters in their beds.

Abig. I know, I know, and doe you not feare the Sutors.

Eld. Lo. Farewell, bee mindfull, and be happy; the night cals me. *Exeunt omnes preter Abigall.*

Abig. The gods of the Winds befriend you Sir; a conſtant, and a liberall Lover thou art, more ſuch God ſend us.

Enter Welford.

Well. Let um not ſtand ſtill, wee have rid?

Abig. A Sutor I know by his riding hard, ile not bee ſeene,

Well. A pretty Hall this, No Servant in't? I would looke freſhly.

Abig. You have delivered your errand to me then: there's no danger in a hanſome young fellow: Ile ſhew my ſelfe.

Wel. Lady, may it pleaſe you to beſtow upon a ſtranger, the ordinary grace of ſaluration: Are you the Lady of this houſe?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I ſhould be as proud to be a Servant of yours; did not my ſo late acquaintance make me diſpaire.

Abig. Sir, it is not ſo hard to achieve, but nature may bring it about.

Wel. For theſe comfortable words, I remaine your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home?

Abig. She is no ſtragler ſir.

Wel. May her occaſions admit me to ſpeake with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Wel. I know your affable vertue will bee moved to perſwade her; that a Gentleman benighted and ſtrayed, offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abig. I will commend this meſſage to her; but if you aime at her body, you will bee deluded: other women of the houſeholds of good carriage and government; upon any of which, if you can caſt your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithfull, and not ſo coy. *Exit Abigall.*

Wel. What a skin-full of luſt is this? I thought I had come a wooing, and I am the courted partie. This is right Court-faſhion: Men, Women, and all wooe, catch that catch may. If this ſoft hearted woman have infuſed any of her tenderneſſe into her Lady, there is hope ſhe will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter Sir Roger the Curate.

Roger. God ſave you ſir: My Lady lets you know, ſhe deſires to be acquainted with your name, before ſhe conferre with you?

Wel. Sir, my name cals me *Welford*.

Roger. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. Ile try his wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my Anceſtors had this two hundred yeares ſir.

Roger. I

Roger. I knew a worſhipfull, and a Religious Gentleman of your name in the Biſhopricke of *Durham*. Call you him Couſen?

VVel. I am only allied to his vertues Sir.

Roger. It is modeſtly ſaid: I ſhould carry the badge of your Chriſtianitie with me too.

VVel. What's that, a Croſſe? there's a teſter?

Roger, I meane the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gave you at the Font.

VVel. Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechiſme: for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

Rog. Roger.

VVel. What roome fill you in this houſe?

Rog. More roomes then one.

VVel. The more the merrier: But may my boldneſſe know, why your Lady hath ſent you to diſcipher my name?

Rog. Her owne words were theſe: To know whether you were a formerly denied Sutor, diſguiſed in this meſſage; for I can aſſure you ſhe delights not in *Thalame*: *Himen* and ſhe are at variance. I ſhall returne with much haſte.

Exit Roger.

VVel. And much ſpeed Sir, I hope: certainely I am arrived amongſt a Nation of new found fooles, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit, if I had foreſeene it, I would have laded my breeches with bels, knives, copper, and glaſſes, to trade with women for their virginities: yet I feare, I ſhould have betrayed my ſelfe to a needleſſe charge then: here's the walking night-cap againe.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, my Ladyes pleaſure is to ſee you: who hath commanded mee too acknowledge her ſorrow, that you muſt take the paines to come up for ſo bad entertainment.

Wel. I ſhall obey your Lady that ſent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Maſter.

Reg. I am but a Bachelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending of all under this roofe, from my Lady on her Downe-bed, to the maid in the Peafe-ſtraw.

Well. A Cobler, Sir?

Reg. No Sir, I inculate Divine Service within theſe Wals.

Well. But the Inhabitants of this houſe doe often employ you on errands without any ſcruple of conſcience.

Reg. Yes, I doe take the aire many mornings on foot, three or foure miles for egges: but why move you that?

Well. To know whether it might become your function, to bid my man to neglect his horſe a little, to attend on me.

Reg. Moſt properly Sir.

Well. I pray you doe ſo then: and whilſt I will attend your Lady. You direct all this houſe in the true way?

Reg. I doe Sir.

Well. And this doore I hope conducts to your Lady?

Reg. Your underſtanding is ingenuous. *Ex. ſeverally.*

Enter Young Loveleſſe, and Savill, with a writing.

Sa. By your favour Sir, you ſhall pardon me?

Yo. Lo. I ſhall beare your favour Sir, croſſe me no more; I ſay they ſhall come in.

Savill. Sir, you foget one, who I am.

Yo. Lo. Sir, I doe not; thou art my Brothers Steward, his caſt off Mill-money, his Kitchin Arethmaticke.

Sa. Sir, I hope you will not make ſo little of me?

Yo. Lo. I make thee not ſo little as thou art: for indeed, there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a faire *Imprimis*, and then a reaſonable *Item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sa. Nay then you ſtirre my duety, and I muſt tell you.

Yo. Lo. What wouldſt thou tell me, how Hoppes grow? or hold ſome rotten diſcourſe of Sheepe, or when our Lady day fals? Prethee farewell, and entertaine my friends, bee drunke, and burne thy Table-bookes: and my deare ſparke of velvet, thou and I.

Sa. Good ſir remember.

Yo. Lo.

Yo: Lo. I doe remember thee a fooliſh fellow, one that did put his truſt in Almanacks, and Horſe-faires, and roſe by honney and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa. Nay, then I muſt unfold your brothers pleaſure, theſe bee the Leſſons ſir, hee left behind him.

Young Lo. Prethee expound the firſt.

Sa. I leave to keepe my houſe three hundred pounds a yeare: and my Brother to diſpoſe of it.

Young Lo. Marke that my wicked Steward, and I diſpoſe of it.

Savil, Whilſt hee beares himſelfe like a Gentleman, and my credit fals not in him. Marke that my good young ſir, marke that.

Young Lo. Nay, if it be no more I ſhall fulfill it whilſt my legges will carry mee, ile beare my ſelfe Gentleman-like, but when I am drunke, let them beare mee that can. Forward deare Steward.

Savil, Next it is my will, that hee be furniſht (as my Brother) with attendance, apparell, and the obedience of my people.

Young Lo. Steward this is as plaine as your old minikin breeches. Your wiſedome will relent now, will it not? Be mollified or ——— you underſtand me ſir, proceed.

Savil, Yet, that my Steward keepe his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildneſſe with his care.

Young Lo. Ile heare no more this *Apocrypha*, bind it by it ſelfe Steward.

Savil, This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, hee makes no mention of ſuch company as you would draw unto you. Captaines of Gallyfoiſts, ſuch as *in a cleare day* have ſeene *Calis*, fellowes that have no more of God, than their Oathes comes to: they weare ſwords to reach fire at a Play, and get there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon: then the remnant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobacco Merchants, that ſet up with one ounce, and breake for three; together with a forlorne hope of Poets, and all theſe looke like Carthuſians, things without linnen: Are theſe fit company for my Maſters Brother?

Young Lo. I will either convert thee (O thou Pagan Steward)

or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, who's there? call in the Gentlemen. *Savil.* Good sir.

Young Lo. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Savil: Are you my Masters Brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old *Ephimerides?*

Enter his Comrades, Captaine, Traveller.

Savil: Then God helpe all I say.

Yo. Lo. I, and tis well said my old Peere of France: welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine owne deere Lads y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry* Groat.

Cap. Sir, I will take your love.

Sav. Sir, you will take my purse.

Cap. And study to continue it.

Sav. I doe believe you.

Travel. Your honourable friend and Masters Brother, hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you Sir.

Sav. Has given himselfe into the hands of varlets, not to bee carv'd out. Sir are these the pieces?

Yo. Lo. They are the Moralls of the age, the vertues. Men made of gold.

Savil. Of your gold you meane sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a man of warre, and eryes goe on, and weares his colours.

Savil. In's nose.

Young. Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a Traveller sir, knowes men and manners, and has plowd up the Sea so farre, till both the Poles have knockt, has seene the Sunne take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kinds, and had a *Flanders* Mare lept there.

Sa. Tis much.

Tra. I have seene more sir.

Savil. Tis enough a conscience; sit downe, and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as good a living sir, as this fellow could lye you out of, has a notable gift in't.

Yo, Lo.

Young Lo. This miniſters the ſmoke, and this the Muſes.

Sa. And you the cloathes, and meat, and money, you have a goodly generation of um, pray let them multiply, your Brothers houſe is big enough, and to ſay truth, h'as too much Land, hang it durt.

Young Love. Why now thou art a loving ſtinkard. Fire off thy Annotations, and thy Rent Bookes, thou haſt a weake braine *Savill*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a yeare; we will be freely merry, ſhall we not?

Cap. Merry as mirth, and wine, my lovely *Loveleſſe.*

Poet. A ſerious looke ſhall bee a Iury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Travel. We will not talke wiſely neither.

Young Lo. What thinke you Gentlemen by all this Revenew in drinke? *Cap.* I am all for drinke.

Travel. I am dry till it be ſo.

Poet. He that will not cry Amen to this, let him live ſober, ſeeme wiſe, and dye o'th *Corum.*

Young Lo. It ſhall be ſo, wee'l have it all in drinke, let meat and lodging goe, th'are tranſitory, and ſhew mee meerely mortall: then wee'l have wenches, every one his wench, and every weeke a freſh one: wee'l keepe no powdred fleſh: all theſe wee have by warrant, under the title of things neceſſary. Here, upon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and all neceſſaries: Your opinions Gentlemen?

Cap. Tis plaine and evident that he meant wenches.

Savil, Good ſir, let me expound it.

Cap. Here be as ſound men as yout ſelfe ſir.

Poet. This doe I hold to bee the interpretation of it: In this word Neceſſary, is concluded all that bee helpes to Man; Woman was made the firſt, and therefore here the chiefeſt.

Young Lo. Believe me tis a learned one, and by theſe words; The obedience of my people, (you Steward being one) are bound to fetch us wenches.

Cap. Hee is, hee is.

Young. Lo. Steward, attend us for inſtructions.

Savil, But:

Savil, But will you keepe no houſe ſir?

Young Lo. Nothing but drinke ſir, three hundred pounds in drinke.

Savil, O miſerable houſe, and miſerable I that live to ſee it, Good ſir keepe ſome meat.

Young Love. Get us good Whores, and for your part, Ile bourd you in an Alehouſe, You ſhall have Cheeſe and Oynions.

Sa. What ſhall become of mè, no chimney ſmoking. Well Prodigall, your Brother will come home. *Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Come Lads, Ile warrant you for wenches, three hundred pounds in drinke. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus Primus.

Actvs 2. Scena 1.

Enter Lady, her Sister Martha, Welford, Younglove, and others.

Lady: Sir, now you ſee your bad lodging, I muſt bid you goodnight.

Wel. Lady if there be any want, tis in want of you.

Lady, A little ſleepe will eaſe that complement. Once more goodnight.

Wel. Once more deare Lady, and then all ſweet nights.

Lady: Deare Sir be ſhort and ſweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow prove better to me, ſhall I hope my ſute happier by this nights reſt?

Lady: Is your ſute ſo ſickly that reſt will helpe it? Pray yee let it reſt then till I call for it. Sir, as a ſtranger you have had all my welcome: but had I knowne your errand ere you came, your paſſage had beene ſtraighter. Sir, goodnight.

Exit Lady.

Wel. So faire and cruell! deare unkind, goodnight. Nay ſir, you ſhall ſtay with me, ile preſſe your zeale ſo farr.

Roger. O Lord Sir.

Wel. Doe you love *Tobacco*?

Roger

Roger. Surely I love it, but it loves not mee; yet with your reverence ile be bold.

Wel. Pray light it sir. How doe you like it?

Roger. I promise you it is notable stinging geere indeed. It is wet sir, Lord how it brings downe rheume.

Wel. Handle it againe sir, you have a warme text of it.

Rog. Thankes ever promised for it. I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spirituall; for certainely it moves in sundry places.

Wel. I, it does so sir, and me especially to aske sir, why you weare a night-cap.

Rog. Assuredly I will speake the truth unto you: you shall understand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; even by that visible beast the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? certainely hee had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Cassocke? The offence Sir?

Rog. Reproving him at Tre-trip sir, for swearing; you have the totall surely.

Wel. You told him, when his rage was set a tilt, and so hee crackt your Cannons. I hope hee has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night?

Rog. Have patience Sir, untill our fellow *Nicholas* be deceast; that is, a sleepe: for so the word is taken: to sleepe to dye, to die to sleepe, a very figure sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Rog. No, till the man bee in his bed, his grave: his grave, his bed: the very same againe sir. Our Comicke Poet gives the reason sweetly, *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loope-holes, and will discover to our Patroneſſe.

Wel. Your comment sir has made me understand you.

Enter Martha, the Ladies Sister, and Tongloue, to them, with a Posset.

Rog. Sir bee addrest, the graces doe salute you with the full bowle of plentie. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe?

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he out-ſnores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courteſie ſhall bind a ſtranger to you, ever your ſervant.

Mar. Sir, my Siſters ſtrictneſſe makes not us forget you are a ſtranger, and Gentleman.

Abig. In ſooth ſir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman ſo well indued with parts, ſhould not be loſt.

Wel. I thanke you Gentlewoman, and reſt bound to you. See how this foule familier chewes the Cud: From thee, and three and fifty, good Love deliver mee.

Mar. Will you ſit downe ſir, and take a ſpoone?

Wel. I take it kindly Lady. *Mar.* It is our beſt banquet ſir. *Roger*, Shall we give thankes?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewomen already ſir.

Mar. Good ſir *Roger*, keepe that breath to coole your part o'th Poſſet, you may chance have a ſcalding zeale elſe: and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your ſelfe: Would you could like this ſir.

Wel. I would your ſiſter would like me as well Lady.

Mar. Sure ſir, ſhe would not eate you: but baniſh that imagination; ſhee's onely wedded to her ſelfe, lyes with her ſelfe, and loves her ſelfe: and for another husband then her ſelfe, hee may knocke at the gate, but nere come in: bee wiſe ſir, ſhee's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the leaſt of which is, ſhee cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, ſheele doe worſe, would I were worthy his leaſt griefe Miſtriſſe *Martha*.

Wel. Now I muſt over-heare her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadſt them all withall my heart; I doe not thinke they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, tis the ſweeter.

Mar. Well ſaid old ſayings.

Welford: Shee lookes like one indeed. Gentlewoman you keepe your word, your ſweete ſelfe has made the bottome ſweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolicke, dare you change ſir?

Wel. My ſelfe for you, ſo pleaſe you. That ſmile has turn'd my ſtomacke: This is right the old Embleme of the Moyle cropping

cropping off Thiſtles: Lord what a hunting head ſhee carries, ſure ſhee has beene ridden with a Martingale. Now Love deliver mee.

Rog. Doe I dreame, or doe I wake? ſurely I know not: am I rub'd off, is this the way of all my morning Prayers? Oh *Roger*, thou art but graſſe, and woman as a flower. Did I for this conſume my quarters in meditations, vowes, and wooed her in *Heroycall Epiſtles?* Did I expound the Owle, and undertooke with labour and expeance the recollection of thoſe thouſand Peeces, conſum'd in Cellors, and Tobacco ſhops of that our honoured *Engliſhman Ni: Br:* Have I done this, and am I done thus too? I will end with the Wiſe-man, and ſay, Hee that holds a woman, has an Eele by the tayle.

Mar. Sir tis ſo late, and our entertainment (meaning our Poſſet) by this is growne ſo cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your reſt: let what the houſe has be at your command ſir.

VVel. Sweet reſt be with you Lady; and to you what you deſire too.

Abig. It ſhould be ſome ſuch good thing like yourſelfe then.

VVel. Heaven keepe me from that curſe, and all my iſſue. Good night Antiquity. *Exeunt.*

Rog. Solamen Miſeris ſocios habuiſſe Doloris. but I alone.

Wel. Learned ſir, will you bid my man come to me? and requeſting a greater meaſure of your learning, good night, good Maſter *Roger.*

Rog. Good ſir, peace be with you. *Exit Roger.*

Wel. Adue deare *Domine.* Halfe a dozen ſuch in a Kingdome would make a man forſweare confeſſion: for who that had but halfe his wits about him, would commit the counſell of a ſerious ſinne to ſuch a cruell night-cap?
Why how now ſhall we have an Antique? *Enter Ser.*
Whoſe head doe you carry upon your ſhoulders, that you jole it ſo againſt the Poſt? Is't for your eaſe? Or have you ſeene the ſellor? Where are my ſlippers ſir?

Ser. Here ſir.

Wel. Where ſir? have you got the pot verdugo? have you ſeene the horſes ſir? *Ser.* Yes Sir.

Wel. Have they any meate?

Ser. Faith Sir, they have a kind of wholsome Rushes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry sir, and why so?

Ser. Faith sir, here are no oates to be got, unlesse youle have um in porredge: the people are so mainely given to spoonemeate: yonders a cast of Coach-mares of the Gentlewomans, the strangest Cattell!

Well. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparant Sir, you may see through them, and such a house?

Well. Come Sir, the truth of your discovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like Iewes: the Kitchin and the Dayrie make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no *love lost; the Chambers* are intire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge: but this I am sure, betweene these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drinke sir.

Well. What of that sir?

Ser. Faith sir, I will handle it, as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drinke, or this cooling Iulip, of which three spoonfuls kils the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold Palsie.

Well. Sir, you belie the house.

Ser. I would I did sir. But as I am a true man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Asses hoofe would hold it.

Well. I am glad on't sir, for if it had proved stronger, you had beene tongue-tide of these commendations. Light me the candle Sir, ile heare no more.

Enter Young Loveless, and his Comrades, with wenches, and two Fidlers.

Yo. Lo. Come my brave man of warre, trace out thy Darling. And you my learned Councell, set and turne boyes:
Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaves.
My Moderne Poet, thou shalt kisse in couplets. *Enter with wine.*
Strike up you merry varlets, and leave your peeping.

This

This is no pay for Fidlers:

Cap. O my deare boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captaine
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his solace.
Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our maine po-
Five Markes in hatchments to adorne this thigh, tation,
Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy battels.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt hav't boy, and fly in Feather:
Leade on a March you Michers. *Enter Savill.*

Savil. O my head, O my heart, what a noyse and change is here: would I had beene cold i'th mouth before this day, and nere have liv'd to see this dissolution. Hee that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleepe in the perpetuall noyse of an yron Mill. There's a dead Sea of drinke i'th Seller, in which goodly vessels lye wrackt, and in the middle of this deluge appeares the tops of flagons and blacke jackes, like Churches drown'd i'th Marshes.

Yo. Lo. What art thou come? My sweet Sir *Amias*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou shalt kisse my *Helen*, and court her in a dance.

Savil: Good sir consider.

Yo: Lo. Shall we consider Gentlemen. How say you?

Cap. Consider, that were a simple toy y'faith, consider! whose Morals that? The man that cryes consider is our foe: let my steele know him.

Yo. Lo. Stay thy dead doing hand, hee must not dye yet: prethee be calme my *Hector*!

Cap. Peasant, slave, thou groome, compos'd of grudgings, live and thanke this Gentleman, thou hadst seen *Pluto* else. The next consider kils thee.

Trav. Let him drinke downe his word againe in a gallon of Sacke.

Poet. Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe it kneeling in repentance.

Savil. Nay rather kill mee, there's but a lay man lost. Good Captaine doe your office.

Young Lo. Thou shalt drinke Steward, drinke and dance my

ſteward. Strike him a horn-pipe ſqueakers, take thy ſtriver, and pace her till ſhe ſtew.

Savil: Sure ſir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for mee, pray breake my head, and let me goe.

Cap. He ſhall dance, he ſhall dance.

Yo. Lo. Hee ſhall dance, and drinke, and be drunke, and dance, and be drunke againe, and ſhall ſee no meate in a yeare.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Loveleſſe diſguiſed.

Savil: Some to deliver me I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God ſave you all, my buſineſſe is to one Maſter *Loveleſſe.*

Cap. This is the Gentleman you meane; view him, and take his inventory, hee's a right one.

El. Lo. He promiſes no leſſe ſir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your buſineſſe?

El. Lo. Sir, I ſhould let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am ſworne too't, would ſome other tongue would ſpeake it for mee. *Yo. Lo:* Out with it a Gods name.

El. Lo. All I deſire Sir is, the patience and ſufferance of a man, and good ſir be not mov'd more.

Yo. Lo. Then a pottle of Sacke will doe, here's my hand, prethee thy buſineſſe?

El. Lo. Good ſir excuſe me, and whatſoever you heare, thinke muſt have been knowne unto you, and be your ſelfe diſcreet, and beare it nobly.

Yo: Lo. Prethee diſpatch mee.

El: Lo. Your Brothers dead ſir.

Yo: Lo. Thou doſt not meane dead drunke?

El: Lo. No, no, dead, and drown'd at ſea ſir.

Yo: Lo. Art ſure hee's dead?

El: Lo. Too ſure ſir.

Yo: Lo. I but art thou very certainly ſure of it?

El: Lo. As ſure ſir, as I tell it.

Yo: Lo. But art thou ſure he came not up againe?

Elder

El: Lo. He may come up, but nere to call you Brother.

Yo: Lo. But art ſure he had water enough to drowne him?

El: Lo. Sure ſir, he wanted none.

Yo: Lo. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better; here I forgive thee: and I faith be plaine, how doe I beare it?

El: Lo. Very wiſely ſir.

Yo: Lo. Fill him ſome wine. Thou doſt not ſee mee mov'd, theſe tranſitory toyes nere trouble mee, hee's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellowes would have cry'd now, and have curſt thee, and falne out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helpes not, hee was too good for us, and let God keepe him: there's the right uſe on't friend. Off with thy drinke, thou haſt a ſpice of ſorrow makes thee dry: fill him another. *Savill* your Maſters dead, and who am I now *Savill?* Nay, let's all beare it well, wipe *Savill*, wipe, teares are but throwne away: we ſhall have wenches now, ſhall we not *Savill?*

Savil, Yes Sir.

Young Lo. And drinke inumerable.

Savil, Yes forſooth.

Yo: Lo. And youle ſtraine curſie and be drunke a little.

Sa. I would be glad, Sir, to doe my weake endeavour.

Yo: Lo. You may be brought in time to love a wench too.

Savil, In time the ſtirdy Oake ſir.

Yo: Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El: Lo. I ſhall be drunke anon for my good newes; but I have a loving Brother, that's my comfort.

Yo: Lo, Here's to you ſir, this is the worſt I wiſh you for your newes: and if I had another elder Brother, and ſay it were his chance to feed Haddocks, I ſhould be ſtill the ſame you ſee mee now, a poore contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry againe.

El: Lo. I ſhall be if I follow this beginning. Well my deare brother, if I ſcape this drowning, 'tis your turne next to ſinke, you ſhall ducke twice before I helpe you. Sir I cannot drinke more; pray let me have your pardon.

Yo: La. O Lord Sir, 'tis your modeſty: more wine, give him a bigger glaſſe; hugge him my Captaine, thou ſhalt be my chiefe mourner.

Cap. And this my penon: Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

Elder Lo. I feele a buzzing in my braines, pray God I beare this out, and ile nere trouble them so farre againe. Here's to you Sir?

Young Lo. To my deare Steward, downe a your knees you infidell, you Pagan, be drunke and penitent.

Savil, Forgive me sir, and Ile be any thing.

Young Lo. Then be a Bawd, Ile have thee a brave Bawd.

Elder Lo. Sir, I must take my leave of you, my businesse is so urgent.

Young Lo. Lets have a bridling cast before you goe. Fils a new stoupe.

Elder Lo: I dare not Sir, by no meanes.

Young Lo. Have you any mind to a wench? I would faine gratifie you for the paines you tooke sir.

Elder Lo: As little as to the tother.

Young Lo: If you find any stirring, doe but say so.

Elder Lo: Sir, you are too bounteous, when I feele that itching, you shall asswage it sir, before another: this onely, and farewell sir. Your brother when the storme was most extreme, told all about him, hee left a will which lyes close behind a Chimney in the matted chamber: and so as well sir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

Young Lo: Let us imbrace him all: if you grow dry before you end your businesse, pray take a bait here, I have a fresh Hogshead for you.

Savil, You shall neither will or chuse sir. My Master is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state sir, I am his Steward sir, and his man.

Elder Lo. Would you were your owne sir, as I left you. Well, I must cast about, or all sinkes.

Savil: Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

Elder Lo: What would you with me sir?

Savil: Farewell Gentleman.

Elder Lo: O sleepe sir, sleepe. *Exit Elder Lovel.*

Yo: Lo: Well boyes, you see what's faine, lets in and drinke, and give thanks for it

Cap:

Cap. Let's give thankes for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunke as I live.

San. Drunke as I live boyes.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast up a reckoning of some weight; I will be knighted, for my state will beare it, 'tis sixteene hundred boyes: off with your husks, ile skin you all in Sattin. *Cap.* O sweet *Loveleſſe!*

Savill. All in Sattin? O sweet *Loveleſſe!*

Yo. Lo. March in my noble Compeeres: and this my Counteſſe shall be led by two: and so proceed we to the will.

Exeunt.

Enter Morecraft the Vsurer, and Widdow.

Mor. And Widdow, as I say, bee your owne friend: your husband left you wealthy, I and wise, continue so sweet ducke, continue so. Take heed of young smooth Verlets, younger brothers: they are wormes that will eate through your bags: they are very Lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and never singe your purse strings; they are Colts, wench, Colts, heddy and dangerous, till we take um up, and make um fit for Bonds: looke upon mee, I have had, and have yet matter of moment Girle, matter of moment; you may meet with a worse backe, ile not commend it.

VVid. Nor I neither sir?

Mo. Yet thus farre by your favour Widdow, tis tuffe.

VVi. And therefore not for my diet, for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet Widdow leave your frumps, and be edified: you know my state, *I* sell no perspectives, Scarfes, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my trust in Shoe-ties; and where your Husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd with meale and powdered Sugar, Saunders, and graines, worme-seed and rotten Reasons, and such vile Tobacco, that made the foote-men mangie; I, in a yeare have put up hundreds inclos'd: my Widdow, those pleasant Meadowes, by a forfeit Morgage; for which the poore Knight takes a love Chamber, owes for his Ale, and dare not beate his Hosteſſe: nay more—

VVid. Good sir no more, what ere my Husband was, I know what *I* am, and if you marry me, you must beare it bravely off sir.

More. Not with the head, ſweet Widdow.

Wid. No ſweet Sir, but with your ſhoulders: I muſt have you dub'd, for under that I will not ſtoop a Feather. My Husband was a fellow lov'd to toyle, *fed ill*, *made gaine* his exerciſe, and ſo grew coſtive, which for I was his wife, and gave way to, and ſpun mine owne ſmockes courſe, and fir, ſo little: but let that paſſe; Time, that weares all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence of ſuch fruitleſſe five yeares marriage, left mee great with his wealth, which if youle be a worthy Goſhip too, be Knighted Sir?

Enter Savill.

More. Now ſir, from whom come you? whoſe man are you ſir?

Savill. Sir, I come from young Maſter *Loveleſſe*.

Mo. Be ſilent ſir, I have no money, not a penny for you, hee's ſunke, your Maſter's ſunke, a periſht man Sir.

Savill. Indeed his Brother's ſunke ſir, God be with him, a periſht man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

More. How ſaidſt thou, good my friend, his Brother drown'd?

Savill. Vntimely Sir, at Sea.

More. And thy young Maſter left ſole Heire?

Savill. Yes Sir.

More. And he wants money?

Sa. Yes, and ſent me to you, for he is now to be Knighted.

More. Widdow bee wiſe, there's more Land comming, widdow be very wiſe, and give thankes for me Widdow.

Wid. Be you very wiſe, and bee Knighted, and then give thankes for me Sir.

Savill. What ſayes your worſhip to this money?

More. I ſay he may have money if he pleaſe.

Savill. A thouſand Sir?

More. A thouſand Sir, provided any wiſe Sir, his Land lye for the payment, otherwiſe—

Enter Young Loveleſſe, and Comrades to them.

Savill. Hes here himſelfe Sir, and can better tell you.

More. My notable deare friend, and worthy Maſter *Loveleſſe*, and now right worſhipfull, all joy and welcome.

Yo. Lo. Thankes to my deare incloſer, Maſter *Morecraft*, prethee old Angell gold, ſalute my family, ile doe as much for yours; this, and your owne deſires, faire Gentlewoman.

Wid. And

VVid. And yours Sir, if you meane well; 'tis a hanſome Gentleman. *Yo. Lo.* Sirrah, my Brother's dead.

More. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time ſouſt for Ember weeke.

More. Dead!

Young Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at Sea Man; by the next freſh Conger that comes, wee ſhall heare more.

More. Now by the faith of my body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Aſſe, and weepe for the dead? why, I thought nothing but a generall inundation would have mov'd thee, prethee be quiet, hee hath left his land behind him.

More. O ha's he ſo?

Young. Lo. Yes faith, I thanke him for't, I have all boy, haſt any ready money?

More. Will you ſell Sir?

Young Lo. No not out-right, good Gripe; marry, a morgage, or ſuch a ſleight ſecuritie.

More. I have no money fit for morgage; If you will ſell, and all or none, ile worke a new Mine for you.

Savill. Good Sir looke afore you, he'll worke you out of all elſe: if you ſell all your Land, you have ſold your Countrey, and then you muſt to Sea', to ſeeke your Brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering Tub, and breake your teeth with Biskets, and hard Beefe, that muſt have watering ſir: and where's your 300. pounds a yeare in drinke then? If you'l turne up the ſtraights, you may; for you have no calling for drinke there, but with a Cannon, nor no ſcoring, but on your ſhips ſides, and then if you ſcape with life, and take a faggot Boate, and a bottle of *Vſquebaugh*, come home poore men, like a tipe of Thames-ſtreete ſtinking of Pitch and poore Iohn. I cannot tell Sir, I would bee loath to ſee it.

Cap. Steward, you are an Aſſe, a meazel'd mungrell, and were it not againſt the peace of my ſoveraigne friend here, I would breake your fore-caſting coxecombe, dogge I would, even with thy ſtaffe of office there, thy pen and inkehorne. Noble boy, the God of gold here has fed thee well, take money for thy durt: harke and beleeve, thou art cold of conſtitution, thy ſeate unhealthfull, ſell and bee wiſe; wee are three that will

adorne thee, and live according to thine owne heart child; mirth shall be onely ours, and onely ours shall be the blacke eyde beauties of the time. Money makes men eternall.

Poet. Doe what you will, 'tis the nobleſt courſe, then you may live without the charge of people, onely wee foure will make a family; *I*, and an age that will beget new *Annals*, in which ile write thy life, my Sonne of pleaſure, equall with *Nero* and *Caligula*. *Young. Lo.* VVhat men were they Captaine?

Cap. Two roaring boyes of *Rome*, that made all ſplit.

Young. Lo. Come ſir, what dare you give.

Sa. You will not ſell ſir? *Yo. Lo.* Who told you ſo ſir?

Savill. Good ſir have a care.

Young Lo. Peace, or ile tacke your tongue up to your roofe. What money? ſpeake.

More. Sixe thouſand pound ſir.

Cap. Take it, has overbidden by the Sunne: bind him to his bargaine quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come ſtrike mee lucke with earneſt, and draw the writings? *Mo.* There's a Gods penny for thee.

Savill. Sir for my old Maſters ſake, let my farme bee excepted, if I become his tenant I am undone, my Children beggers, and my Wife God knowes what: conſider me deare ſir?

More. Ile have all or none.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in: diſpatch the writings. *Exit with Com.*

Wid. Goe, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow, would thou wert wiſer.

Savill. Now doe I ſenſibly begin to feele my ſelfe a Raſcall; would I could teach a Schoole, or begge, or lye well, I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and couſen, take thee to his mercy; ſo be it. *Exit Savill.*

More. Come Widdow come, never ſtand upon a Knighthood, 'tis a meere paper honour, and not proofe enough for a Sergeant. Come, come, ile make thee—

Wid. To anſwer in ſhort, 'tis this ſir. No Knight, no Widdow, if you make me any thing, it muſt be a Lady, and ſo I take my leave.

Mo. Farewell ſweet Widdow, and thinke of it. (*Ex Wid.*

VVid. Sir, I doe more then thinke of it, it makes me dreame ſir.

More.

Mor. Shee's rich and ſober, if this itch were from her: and ſay I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the Trumpets, and the horſmen too, and be a Knight, and ſhee refuſe me then; then am I hoiſt into the Subſidie, and ſo by conſequence ſhould prove a Coxcomb: ile have a care of that. Six thouſand pound, and then the Land is mine, there's ſome refreſhing yet. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTVS 3. SCENA 1.

Enter Abigall, and drops her Glove.

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my reſt, and I know I ſhall draw him.

Enter Welford.

Wel. This is the ſtrangeſt pamper'd piece of fleſh towards fifty, that ever frailty copt withall, what a trim *lennoy* here ſhe has put upon mee: theſe women are a proud kind of Cattell, and love this whorſon doing ſo directly, that they will not ſticke to make their very skins Bawds to their fleſh. Here's dogskin and ſtorax ſufficient to kill a Hawke: what to doe with it, beſide nayling it up amongſt *Iriſh* heads of Teere, to ſhew the mightineſſe of her palme, I know not: there ſhee is. I muſt enter into Dialogue. Lady you have loſt your Glove.

Abig. Not ſir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning Lady to reſtore it.

Abig. Twill be uncivill in me to take backe a favour; Fortune hath ſo well beſtowed Sir, pray weare it for me.

Wel. I had rather weare a bell. But harke you Miſtreſſe, what hidden vertue is there in this Glove, that you would have mee weare it? Is't good againſt ſore eyes, or will it charme the tooth-ake? Or theſe red tops, being ſteept in white wine ſoluble, wil't kill the Itch? or has it ſo conceal'd a providence to keepe my hand from bonds? if it have none of theſe, and prove no more but a bare Glove of halfe a Crowne a paire, twill be but halfe a courteſie, I weare two alwayes: faith lets draw cuts, one will doe me no pleaſure.

Abig. The tenderneſſe of his veeres keepes him as yet in ig-

rorance, he's a wel moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood ſhould ſtir no higher; but tis his want of company: I muſt grow neerer to him. *Ent. Eld. Loveleſſe diſguiſed.*

El. Lo. God ſave you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: this is ſomewhat rude, how came you hither?

Eld. Lo. Why through the doores, they are open.

Wel. What are you, and what buſineſſe have you here:

El. Lo. More I believe than you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow ſpeake with: Art thou ſober?

El. Lo. Yes, I come not here to ſleepe.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

El. Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Lo. Yes, more than thou dar'ſt be, a Souldier.

Abig. Thou doſt not come to quarrell.

El. Lo. No, not with women; I come here to ſpeake with (a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one ſo gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet. I am but new come over, direct me with your Ticket to your Taylor, and then I ſhall be fine Sir. Lady, if there be a better of your ſex within this houſe, I ſay I would ſee her.

Abig. Why am not I good enough for you ſir?

El. Lo. Your way youle be too good, pray end my buſineſſe. This is another Suitor, O fraile woman!

Wel. This fellow with his bluntneſſe hopes to doe more than the long ſutes of a thouſand could; though hee be ſowre, hee's quicke, I muſt not truſt him. Sir, this Lady is not to ſpeake with you, ſhee is more ſerious: you ſmell as if you were new calkt; goe and bee handſome, and then you may ſit with her Servingmen.

Eld. Lo. What are you Sir?

Wel. Gueſſe by my outſide.

El. Lo. Then I take you Sir, for ſome new ſilken thing wean'd from the Countrey, that ſhall (when you come to keepe good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman helpe me to your Miſtriſſe.

Ab. How

Abig. How many lives haſt thou, that thou talkſt thus rudely?

El.Lo. But one, one, I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one life Sir maintaine you ever in ſuch bold ſawcineſſe?

El. Lo. Yes, amongſt a nation of ſuch men as you are, and be no worſe for wearing: Shall I ſpeake with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth ſhall you not.

Eld. Lo. I muſt ſtay here then.

Wel. That you ſhall not neither.

Eld.Lo. Good fine thing tell me why?

Wel. Good angry thing ile tell you:
This is no place for ſuch companions,
Such louſie Gentlemen ſhall find their buſines.
Better i'th Suburbs, there your ſtrong pitch perfume,
Mingled with lees of Ale, ſhall reeke in faſhion:
This is no Thames ſtreet Sir.

Abig. This Gentleman informes you truly:
Prethee be ſatisfied, and ſeeke the Suburbs,
Good Captaine, or what ever title elſe,
The warlike Eele boats hath beſtowed upon thee,
Goe and reforme thy ſelfe, prethee be ſweeter,
And know my Lady ſpeakes with no ſuch ſwabbers.

El.Lo. You cannot talke me out with your tradition
Of wit you picke from playes, goe too, I have found ye:
And for you tender fir, whoſe gentle blood
Runs in your noſe, and makes you ſnuffe at all,
But three pil'd people, I doe let you know
He that begot your worſhips ſattin ſute
Can make no men ſir; I will ſee this Lady,
And with the reverence of you ſilkenſhip,
In theſe old Ornaments.

Wel. You will not ſure.

El.Lo. Sure Sir I ſhall.

Abig. You would be beaten out?

El.Lo. Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,
Pray who ſhall beat me? this good Gentleman
Lookes as he were o'th peace.

Wel. Sir you ſhall ſee that; will you get you out?

Elder

El. Lo. Yes, that, that shall correct your boyes tongue:
Dare you fight? I will stay here still. *They draw.*
Abig. O their things are out, helpe, helpe for Gods sake!
Madam; Iesus they foine at one another!
Madam, why, who is within there? *Enter Lady.*
La. Who breeds this rudenesse? *Wel.* This uncivill fellow:
Hee sayes he comes from Sea, where I believe,
H'as purg'd away his manners.
La. Why, what of him?
Wel. Why he will rudely without once God blesse you,
Presse to your privacies, and no deniall
Must stand betwixt your person and his businesse;
I let goe his ill Language.
La. Sir, have you businesse with me?
El. Lo. Madam some I have,
But not so serious to pawne my life for't:
If you keepe this quarter, and maintaine about you
Such Knights o'th *Swine* as this is, to defie
Men of imployment to ye, you may live,
But in what fame?
La. Pray stay Sir, who has wrong'd you?
El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild words at me: But to you
I thinke he did no honour, to deny
The haste I come withall, a passage to you,
Though I seeme course.
La. Excuse me gentle Sir, twas from my knowledge,
And shall have no protection. And to you Sir,
You have shew'd more heat than wit, and from your selfe
Have borrowed power I never gave you here,
To doe those vild unmanly things; my house
Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknowne deserts
So farre, that I should make you Master of my businesse:
My credit yet, stands fairer with the people,
Than to be tride with swords; And they that come
To doe me Service, must not thinke to win me
With hazard of a marther; if your love

Consist

Conſiſt in fury, carry it to the Campe,
And there in honour of ſome common Miſtreſſe,
Shorten your youth: I pray be better temper'd,
And give me leave a while Sir.

Wel. You muſt have it. *Exit Welford.*

La. Now Sir, your buſines?

El. Lo. Firſt, I thanke you for ſchooling this young fellow,
Whom his owne follies, which are prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frowne,
Shall levell him away to his repentance:
Next, I ſhould raile at you, but you are a Woman,
And anger's loſt upon you.

La. Why at me Sir?
I never did you wrong, for to my knowledge,
This is the firſt ſight of you.

El. Lo. You have done that,
I muſt confeſſe I have the leaſt curſe in,
Becauſe the leaſt acquaintance: But there be,
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thouſands when they ſhall know what I deliver,
(As all good men muſt ſhare in't) will to ſhame,
Blaſt your blacke memory.

La. How is this good Sir?

Eld. Lo. Tis that, that if you have a Soule will choake it:
Y'ave kild a Gentleman. *La.* I kild a Gentleman!

Elder Lo. You and your crueltie have kild him woman:
And ſuch a man (let me be angry in't,
Whoſe leaſt worth weighed above all womens vertues
That are; I ſpare you all to come too: gueſſe him now.

La. I am ſo innocent I cannot Sir.

Elder Lo. Repent you meane, you are a perfect woman;
And as the firſt was, made for mans undoing.

La. Sir, you have miſt your way, I am not ſhe.

Elder Lo. Would hee had miſt his way too, though he had
Wandered farther then women are ill ſpoken of,
So he had miſt this miſerie, you Lady.

La. How doe you doe Sir?

Elder Lo. Well enough I hope,

While I can keepe my ſelfe out from temptations.

La. Pray leape into the matter, whither would yee?

Eld. Lo. You had a Servant that your peeviſhneſſe
Injoyned to travaile. *La.* Such a one I have
Still, and ſhould be grieved 'twere otherwiſe.

El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd, he's dead;
How you will anſwer for his worth, I know not,
But this I am ſure, either he, or you, or both
Were ſtarke mad, elſe he might have liv'd,
To have given a ſtronger teſtimony to th' world,
Of what he might have beene. He was a man,
I knew but in his evening, ten Sunnes after,
Forc'd by a tyrant ſtorme, our beaten Barke
Bulg'd under us; in which ſad parting blow,
He call'd upon his Saint, but not for life,
On you unhappy woman, and whilſt all,
Sought to preſerve their Soules, he deſperately
Imbrac'd a wave, crying to all that ſaw it;
If any live, goe to my Fate that forc'd me,
To this untimely end, and make her happy:
His name was *Loveleſſe*: And I ſcap't the ſtorme,
And now you have my buſines. *La.* Tis too much.
Would I had beene that ſtorme, he had not periſht.
If youle raile now, I will forgive you Sir,
Or if youle call in more, if any more
Come from his ruine, I ſhall juſtly ſuffer
What they can ſay, I doe confeſſe my ſelfe
A guilty cauſe in this. I would ſay more,
But griefe is growne too great to be delivered.

El. Lo. I like this well: theſe women are ſtrange things.
Tis ſomewhat of the lateſt now to weepe;
You ſhould have wept, when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with thoſe teares at home.

La. Would you had told me then ſo, theſe two armes had beene his Sea.

Eld. Lo. Truſt me, you move me much: but ſay he lived, theſe were forgotten things againe.

Lady: I, ſay you ſo? Sure I ſhould know that voice: this is

Knavery.

Knavery. Ile fit you for it: Were he living ſir, I would perſwade you to be charitable, I, and confeſſe wee are not all ſo ill, as your opinion holds us. O my friend, what penance ſhall I pull upon my fault, upon my moſt unworthy ſelfe for this?

El. Lo. Leave to love others, twas ſome jealouſie,
That turn'd him deſperate.

La. Ile be with you ſtraight: are you wrung there?

El. Lo. This workes amaine upon her.

La. I doe confeſſe there is a Gentleman,
Has borne me long good will. *El. Lo. I* doe not like that.

La. And vowed a thouſand ſervices to me; to me, regardleſſe of him: But ſince Fate, that no power can withſtand, h'as taken from me my firſt, and beſt love, and to weepe away my youth is a meere folly, I will ſhew you what I determine ſir: you ſhall know all: Call M. *Welford* there: That Gentleman I meane to make the modell of my Fortunes, and in his chaſte imbraces, keepe alive the memory of my loſt lovely *Loveleſſe*: he is ſomewhat like him too. *Elder Lo.* Then you can love?

La. Yes certainely Sir.
Though it pleaſe you to thinke me hard and cruell,
I hope *I* ſhall perſwade you otherwiſe

El. Lo. I have made my ſelfe a fine foole. *Enter Welford.*

Wel. Would you have ſpoke with me Madam?

La. Yes, M. *Wel.* and *I* aske your pardon before this gentleman, for being froward: this kiſſe, and henceforth more affection:

El. Lo. So, tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a ſuddaine paſſion, God hold it.
This fellow out of his feare, ſure ha's
Perſwaded her. Ile give him a new ſuit on't,

La. A parting kiſſe, and good Sir, let me pray you
To waite me in the Gallerie.

Wel. I am in another world, Madam where you pleaſe. *Ex Wel.*

El. Lo. I will to Sea, an't ſhall goe hard, but ile be drown'd indeed.

La. Now Sir you ſee I am no ſuch hard hearted creature, (doe'd.
But time may win me.

Eld. Lo. You have forgot your loſt Love.

La. Alas ſir, what would you have me doe? I cannot call him backe againe with ſorrow; ile love this man as dearely, and be-

ſhrow me, ile keepe him farre enough from Sea, and twas told mee, now I remember me, by an old wiſe woman, that my firſt Love ſhould be drown'd, and ſee tis come about.

Elder Lo. I would ſhe had told you your ſecond ſhould bee hang'd too, and let that come about: but this is very ſtrange.

La. Faith ſir, conſider all, and then I know youle be of my mind: if weeping could redeeme him, I would weepe ſtill.

Elder Lo. But ſay that I were *Loveleſſe*,
And ſcap'd the ſtorme, how would you anſwer this?

La. Why, for that Gentleman I would leave all the world.

Elder Lo. This young thing too?

La. That young thing too:
Or any young thing elſe: why, I would looſe my ſtate.

Elder Lo. Why, then he lives ſtill; I am hee, your *Loveleſſe*.

La. Alas I knew it ſir, and for that purpoſe prepared this Pageant: get you to your taske: And leave theſe Players tricks, or I ſhall leave you, indeed I ſhall. Travaile, or know me not.

Elder Lo. Will you then marry?

Lady: I will not promiſe, take your choiſe. Farewell.

Elder Lo. There is no other Purgatory, but a Woman:
I muſt doe ſomething. *Exit Loveleſſe.*

Wel. Miſtreſſe I am bold. *Enter Welford.*

Lady: You are indeed. *Wel.* You ſo overjoyed me Lady.

Lady: Take heed you ſurfet not, pray faſt and welcome.

Wel. By this light you love me extreamely.

Lady. By this, and to morrowes light, I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady: Indeed I can, where you ſhall never find it. (on't.

Wel. I like this mirth well Lady. *La.* You ſhall have more.

Wel. I muſt kiſſe you. *La.* No ſir. *Wel.* Indeed I muſt.

La. What muſt bee, muſt be; ile take my leave, you have your parting blow: I pray commend mee to thoſe few friends you have, that ſent you hither, and tell them, when you travaile next, 'twere fit you brought leſſe bravery with you, and more wit, you'l never get a wife elſe. *Wel.* Are you in earneſt?

La. Yes faith. Will you eate ſir, your horſes will be ready ſtraight, you ſhall have a napkin laid in the Butterie for yee.

Wel. Doe not you love me then? *La.* Yes, for that face.

Wel.

Wel. It is a good one Lady.

La. Yes, if it were not warpt, the fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Me thinks yours is none of the beſt Lady.

La. No by my troth Sir; yet o'my conſcience,
You would make ſhift with it.

Wel. Come pray no more of this.

La. I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? bring out the Gentlemans horſes, hee's in haſte; and ſet ſome cold meate on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that I thank you Lady: take your chamber when you pleaſe, there goes a blacke one with you Lady.

La. Farewell young man. *Exit Lady.*

Wel. You have made me one, Farewell: and may the curſe of a great houſe fall upon thee, I meane the Butler. The devill and all his workes are in theſe women, would all of my ſex were of my mind, *I* would make um a new Lent, and a long one, that fleſh might be in more reverence with them. *Ent. Abig. to him.*

Ab. I am ſorry Mr. *Welford.* *Wel.* So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my Lady uſe you? *Wel.* As I would uſe you,

Abig. I ſhould have beene more kind Sir. (ſcurvily.

Wel I ſhould have been undone then. Pray leave me, and look to your ſweet meats; harke, your Lady cals.

Abig. Sir, I ſhall borrow ſo much time without offence.

Wel. Y'are nothing but offence, for Gods love leave me.

Abig. Tis ſtrange my Lady ſhould be ſuch a tyrant.

Wel. To ſend you to me, pray goe ſtitch, good doe, y'are more trouble to me than a Terme.

Abig. I do not know how my good will, if I ſaid love, I lyed not, ſhould any way deſerve this?

Wel. A thouſaud wayes, a thouſand wayes; ſweet Creature let me depart in peace.

Abig. What Creature Sir? I hope I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred I thinke by your noyſe.

Abig Since you are angry Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman, and a Rib.

Wel Of a roaſted horſe. *Abig.* Conſter me that?

Wel: A Dog can doe it better; Farewell Counteſſe, and commend me to your Lady, tell her ſhee's proud, and ſcurvie, and

ſo I commit you both to your tempter. *Ab.* Sweet Mr. *Welford.*

Welf. Avoyd old Satanus: Goe daube your ruines, your face lookes fouler than a ſtorme: the Footman ſtayes you in the Lobby Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I ſhould know it by your gentle conditions: are theſe fit words to give a Gentlewoman?

Welf. As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my horſes, Farewell old Adage, keepe your noſe warme, the Rheume will make it horne elſe. *Exit Welford.*

Abig. The bleſſings of a Prodigall young heire be thy companions *Welford*, marry come up my Gentleman, are your gums growne ſo tender they cannot bite? A skittiſh Filly will be your fortune *Welford*, and faire enough for ſuch a packſaddle. And I doubt not (if my aime hold) to ſee her made to amble to your hand. *Exit Abigall.*

Enter Young Lovelesſe and Comrades, Morecraft, Widdow, Savil, and the reſt.

Capt. Save thy brave ſhoulder, my young puiſſant Knight, and may thy back ſword bite them to the bone, that love thee not, thou art an errant man, goe on. The circumcis'd ſhall fall by thee. Let Land and labor fil the man that tils, thy ſword muſt be thy plough, and *Iove* it ſpeed. *Mecha* ſhal ſweat, and *Mahomet* ſhall fall, and thy deare name fill up his Monument.

Yo: Lo. It ſhall Captaine, I meane to be a worthy.

Capt. One worthy is too little, thou ſhalt be all.

Mor. Captaine, I ſhall deſerve ſome of your love too.

Capt. Thou ſhalt have heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me money. I am a man of Garriſon, be rul'd, and open to me theſe infernall gates, whence none of thy evill Angels paſſe againe, and I will ſtile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*, ile wooe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight ſhall feaſt her with high meats, and make her apt.

Mor. Pardon me Captaine, y'are beſide my meaning.

Yo. Lo. No, Mr. *Morecraft*, tis the Captaines meaning I ſhould prepare her for ye. *Cap.* Or provoke her.
Speake my moderne man, I ſay, provoke her.

Poet. Captain, I ſay ſo too, or ſtir her to it. So ſayes the Criticks.

Yo. Lo. But howſoever you expound it ſir, ſhe's very welcome

and

and this ſhall ſerve for witneſſe. And widow, ſince y'are come ſo happily, you ſhall deliver up the Keyes, and free poſſeſſion of this houſe; whilſt I ſtand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it backe againe believe me,
Tis a miſery to ſay you had it. Take heed.

Yo. Lo. Tis paſt that Widdow, come ſit downe, ſome Wine there, there is a ſcurvie banquet if we had it. All this faire houſe is yours Sir. *Savill?* *Sa.* Yes Sir.

Yo: Lo. Are your Keyes ready, I muſt eaſe your burthen.

Sa. I am ready Sir to be undone when you ſhall call me to't.

Yo: Lo. Come, come, thou ſhalt live better.

Sa. I ſhall have leſſe to do, that's all; theris halfe a dozen of my friends i'th fields Sunniug againſt a bank, with halfa breech among um, I ſhall be with um ſhortly. The care and continuall vexation of being rich, eate up this raſcall; What ſhall become of my poore family, they are no ſheepe, and they muſt keepe themſelves.

Yo: Lo. Drinke Maſter *Morecraft*, pray be merry all:
Nay, and you will not drinke, ther's no ſocietie;
Captaine, ſpeake loud, and drinke: Widow, a word?

Cap. Expound her throughly Knight. Here god a gold? here's to thy faire poſſeſſions: Be a Barron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young heires like Trouts, and let thy Chimneyes ſmoke. Feed men o war, live and be honeſt, and be ſaved yet.

Mor. I thanke you worthy Captaine for your Councell. You keepe your Chimnies ſmoking there, your noſtrils; and when you can, you feed a man of War, this makes you not a Barron, but a bare one: and how, or when you ſhall be ſaved, let the Clarke o'th company (you have commanded) have a juſt care of.

Poet. The man is much moved. Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet ſings, let your diſpleaſure be a ſhort fury, and go out. You have ſpoke home, and bitterly, to me Sir? Captaine take truce, the Miſer is a tart, and a witty whorſon.

Cap. Poet, you faine perdie, the wit of this mn lies in his fingers ends, he muſt tell all; his tongue fils his mouth like a neatſ-tongue, and onely ſerves to licke his hungry chaps after a purchaſe: his braines and brimſtone are the devils dyet to a fat uſurers head: To her Knight, to her; clap her aboard, and ſtow her. Where's the brave Steward.

Sa. Here's

Savil. Here's your poore friend, and *Savil* Sir.

Cap. Away, th'art rich in ornaments of Nature. First in thy face, thou haſt a ſerious face, a betting, bargaining, and ſaving face, a rich face, pawne it to the Vſurer; a face to kindle the compaſſion of the moſt ignorant and frozen Iuſtice.

Savil: Tis ſuch I dare not ſhew it ſhortly Sir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny Steward: Mr. *Morecraft*, Drinke to this man of reckoning? *Mor.* Here's e'ne to him.

Sa: The devill guide it downward: would there were in't an acre of the great broome field hee bought, to ſweepe your dirty conſcience, or to choke ye, tis all one to me Vſurer.

Young Lo: Conſider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly buſineſſe: Is it fit one of ſuch tendernes ſo delicate, ſo contrary to things of care, ſhould ſtirre and breake her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels: or a new kirtle, though it bee Satin: Eate by the hope of ſurfets, and lye downe only in expectation of a morrow, that may undo ſome eaſie hearted foole, or reach a widowes curſes: Let out money, whoſe uſe returnes the principall: and get out of theſe troubles, and conſuming heire? For ſuch a one muſt follow neceſſary, you ſhall dy hated, if not old and miſerable; and that poſſeſt wealth that you got with pining, live to ſee tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, than you to his coozenage.

Wid: Sir you ſpeake well, would God that charity had firſt begun here.

Yo: Lo. Tis yet time. Be merry, me thinks you want wine there, ther's more i'th houſe: Captaine, where reſts the health?

Cap. It ſhall goe round Boy.

Yo: Lo. Say you can ſuffer this, becauſe the end points at much profit, can you ſo farre bow below your blood, below your too much beauty to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and lie with his diſeaſes? If you can, I will not preſſe you further: yet looke upon him: there's nothing in that hidebound Vſurer; that man of mat, that all decay'd, but aches: for you to love, unleſſe his periſht lungs, his dry cough, or his ſcurvie. This is truth, and ſo far I dare ſpeak yet; he has yet, paſt cure of Phyſick, ſpaw, or any diet, a primitive pox in his bones; and a'my knowledge hee has beene ten times roweld: ye may love him; he had a Baſtard, his own toward iſſue

whipt

whipt, and then cropt for washing out the rosei, in three farthings to make um pence. *Wid.* I doe not like these Morals?

Yo. Lo. You must not like him then. *Enter Eld. Lo.*

El. Lo. By your leave Gentlemen?

Yo. Lo. By my troth sir you are welcome, welcome faith: Lord what a stranger you are growne; pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you please, these friends here: wee are merry, you see the worst on's; your house has beene kept warme sir?

El. Lo. I am glad to heare it brother, pray God you are wise too.

Yo. Lo. Pray M. *Morecraft* know my elder brother, and Captaine, doe you complement; *Savill*, I dare sweare is glad at heart to see you: Lord, we heard sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily things come about?

More. This money must be paid againe sir.

Yo. Lo. No sir, pray keepe the Sale, twill make good Taylors measures: I am well I thanke you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has stew'd him in his owne Sawce, I shall love him for't.

Sa. I know not where I am, I am so glad: your worship is the welcomst man alive; upon my knees I bid you welcome home: here has beene such a hurry, such a din, such dismall drinking, swearing, and whoring, 'thas almost made me mad: we have all lived in a continuall *Turneball-street*; Sir blest be Heaven, that sent you safe againe; now shall I eate, and goe to bed againe.

El. Lo. Brother dismisse these people.

Yo. Lo. Captaine be gon awhile, meet me at my old *Randevouse* in the evening, take your small Poet with you. M. *Morecraft* you were best goe prattle with your learned Councell, I shall preserve your money, I was cozened when time was, we are quit sir.

Wid. Better and better still. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother?

Yo. Lo. The thirsty Vsurer that supt my Land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. Sir to be Landlord of your house and state: I was bold to make a little Sale sir.

More. Am I over reach'd? if there be Law ile hamper yee.

Eld. Lo. Prethee be gone, and rave at home, thou art so base a foole I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of cozening, home and spare, eate reddish till you raise your sums againe. If you stir

far in this, ile have you whipt, your eares nail'd for intelligencing to'th Pillorie, and your goods forfeit: you are a ſtale cozener, leave my houſe: no more—

Mor. A poxe upon your houſe. Come Widdow, I ſhall yet hamper this young Gameſter.

Wid. Good twelve i'th hundred, keepe your way, I am not for your diet, marry in your owne tribe *Iew*, and get a Broker.

Yo. Lo. Tis well ſaid Widdow: will you jogge on Sir?

Mor. Yes, I will goe, but tis no matter whither:
But when I truſt a wild Foole and a Woman,
May I lend *gratis*, and build Hoſpitals.

Yo. Lo. Nay, good ſir, make all even, here's a widdow wants your good word for me, ſhe's rich, and may renue me, and my fortunes.

El. Lo. I am glad you looke before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poore diſtreſſed younger brother.

Wid. You doe him wrong ſir, he's a Knight?

El. Lo. I aske you mercie: yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no inheritance, I take it: whatſoever he is, he is your Servant, or would be Lady. Faith bee not mercileſſe, but make a man; hee's young and hanſome, though hee be my Brother, and his obſervances may deſerve your Love: he ſhall not fall for meanes.

Wid. Sir, you ſpeake like a worthy brother: and ſo much I doe credit your faire language, that I ſhall love your Brother: and ſo love him, but I ſhall bluſh to ſay more.

El. Lo. Stop her mouth. I hope you ſhall not live, to know that houre when this ſhall bee repented. Now Brother, I ſhould chide, but Ile give no diſtaſte to your faire Miſtris, I will inſtruct her in't, and ſhe ſhall doe't: you have bin wild and ignorant, pray mend it. *Yo. Lo.* Sir, every day now Spring comes on.

Eld. Lo. To you good M. *Savill*, and your office; thus much I have to ſay: Y'are from my Steward become, firſt your owne Drunkard, then his Bawd: they ſay y'are excellent growne in both, and perfect: give me your Keyes Sir *Savill*.

Sa. Good ſir conſider who you left me too.

El. Lo. I left you as a curb for, not to provoke my brothers follies: where's the beſt drinke, now? come tell me *Savill*; where's the ſoundeſt whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dried Apa, ye lame ſtallion, muſt you be leading in my houſe your whores, like Fairies

dance

dance their night rounds, without feare, either of King or Conſtable, within my wals? Are all my Hangings ſafe, my ſheepe unfold yet? I hope my plate is currant, I ha' too much on't. What ſay you to 300. pounds in drinke now?

Savil. Good ſir forgive me, and but heare me ſpeake?

El. Lo. Me thinkes thou ſhouldſt be drunke ſtill, and not ſpeake, 'tis the more pardonable. *Sa.* I will Sir, if you will have it ſo.

El. Lo. I thanke ye: yes, e'ne purſue it ſir: doe you heare? get a whore ſoone for your recreation: goe looke out *Captaine Broken-breech* your fellow, and quarrell if you dare: I ſhall deliver theſe Keyes to one ſhall have more honeſty, though not ſo much fine wit Sir. You may walke and gather *Creſſes* ſir, to coole your liver; ther's ſomething for you to begin a diet, youle have the poxe elſe; ſpeed you well, ſir *Savill:* you may eate at my houſe to preſerve life; but keepe no fornication in the ſtables. *Ex. omn. pr. Sa.*

Sa. Now muſt I hang my ſelfe, my friends will looke for't.
Eating and ſleeping, I doe deſpiſe you both now:
I will run mad firſt, and if that get not pittie,
Ile drowne my ſelfe, to a moſt diſmall ditty. *Ex. Savil.*

Finis Actus Tertij.

Actvs 4. Scena 1.

Enter Abigall ſolus.

Abigall, Alas poore Gentlewoman, to what a miſery hath age brought thee: to what a ſcurvie Fortune? thou that haſt beene a Companion for Noblemen, and at the worſt of thoſe times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Serving-man, muſt begge for favour to thoſe, that would have crawl'd like Pilgrims to my Chamber, but for an apparition of me: you that be comming on, make much of fifteene, and ſo till five and twentie, uſe your time with reverence, that your profits may ariſe: it will not tarry with you, *ecce ſignum:* here was a face, but time that like a ſurfet, eates our youth, plague of his iron teeth, and draw 'em for't, has beene a little bolder here then welcome: and now to ſay the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i'th houſe of fiftie, call me Granam; and when they are drunke, ene then, when *Joane* and my Lady are all one, not one will doe me reaſon. My little Levite hath forſaken

me, his silver sound of Cytterne, quite abolisht his dolefull *hymns* under my Chamber window, digested into tedious learning: well foole, you leapt a Haddocke when you left him: he's a clean man, and a good Edifier, and twenty nobles in his state *de claro*, besides his pigges in *posse*. To this good *Homilist* I have beene ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my maners: and Love, if ever thou hadst care of fortie, of such a peece of lape ground, heare my prayer, and fire his zeale so farre forth, that my faults, in this renued impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader. *Enter Roger.*

See how negligently he passes by me: with what an Equipage Canonicall, as though he had broken the heart of *Bellermine*, or added something to the singing Brethren. Tis scorne, I know it, and deserve it. M. *Roger.*

Rog. Faire Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger.*

Abig. Then gentle *Roger.* *Rog.* Vngentle *Abigall.*

Ab. Why M. *Roger*, will you set your wit to a weake womans?

Rog. You are weake indeed: for so the Poet sings.

Abig. I doe confesse my weakenesse, sweet Sir *Roger.*

Ro. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a season of your first mother in yee; and surely had the devill beene in love, hee had beene abused too: goe *Dalida*, you make men fooles, and weare figge-breeches.

Ab. Well, well, hard hearted man; dilate upon the weake infirmities of women: these are fit texts, but once there was a time, would I had never seene those eyes, those eyes, those orient eyes.

Rog. If they were pearles once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I doe beseech you leave your cogging, what they are, they are, they serve me without Spectacles. I thanke um.

Abig. O will you kill me? *Rog.* I doe not thinke I can, Y'are like a Coppy-hold with nine lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to beare a Christian feare about you: For your owne worships sake.

Ro. I was a Christian foole then: Doe you remember what a dance you led me? how I grew quam'd in love, and was a dunce? could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then

out of the ſtinking ſtir you put me in, I prayed for my owne iſſue. You doe remember all this? *Abig.* O be as then you were.

Rog. I thanke you for it, ſurely I will be wiſer *Abigall*: and as the Ethnicke Poets ſings, I will not loſe my oyle and labour too. Y'are for the worſhipfull I take it *Abigall.*

Abig. O take it ſo, and then I am for you

Rog. I like theſe teares well, and this humbling alſo; they are Symptomes of contrition. If I ſhould fall into my fit againe, would you not ſhake mee into a quotidian Coxcombe? Would you not uſe me ſcurvily againe, and give me Poſſets with purging Comfits in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou haſt been harder to me, than a long pedegree.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer; I will doe any thing, betray the ſecrets of the maine houſehold to thy reformation. My Lady ſhall looke lovingly on thy learning, and when true time ſhall point thee for a Parſon, I will convert thy egges to penny cuſtards, and thy tithe gooſe ſhal graſe and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well ſhall teſtifie this faithfull kiſſe, and have a great eare Miſtris *Abigall*, how you depreſſe the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks: for certainly the edge of ſuch a folly cuts it ſelfe.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow; Here I vow a recantation to thoſe malicious faults I ever did againſt you. Never more will I deſpiſe your learning, never more pin cards and cunny tailes upon your Caſſock, never againe reproch your reverend night-cap, and call it by the mangie name of Murrin, never your reverend perſon more; and ſay, you looke like one of *Balls* Prieſts in a hanging; never againe when you ſay grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers, never crampe you more, nor when you ride, get Sope and Thiſtles for you. No my *Roger*, theſe faults ſhall be corrected and amended, as by the tenour of my teares appeares.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I ſhould be hang'd, I muſt cry too. Come to thine owne beloved, and doe even what thou wilt with me ſweet, ſweet *Abigall*, I am thine owne for ever: here's my hand, when *Roger* proves a recreant, hang him i'th Belropes.

Enter Lady, and Martha.

La. Why how now Maſter *Roger*, no prayers downe with you

to night? Did you heare the bell ring? You are courting: your flocke ſhall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly aske your pardon: Ile clap up Prayers (but ſtay a little) and be with you againe. *Ex Roger.* *Ent. El: Lo.*

La. How dare you, being ſo unworthy a fellow,
Preſume to come to move me any more?

Elder Lo. Ha,ha, ha. *La.* What ayles the fellow?

Eld: Lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you, *I* tell you Lady *I* would not for your Land, be ſuch a Coxcomb, ſuch a whining Aſſe, as you decreed me for, when I was laſt here.

Lady I joy to heare you are wiſe, 'tis a rare jewell
In an Elder Brother: pray be wiſer yet.

El: Lo. Me thinks I am very wiſe: I do not come a wooing, Indeed ile move no more Love to your Ladyſhip.

La. What make you here then?

El: Lo. Onely to ſee you and be merry Lady: that's all my buſines. Faith lets be very merry. Where's little *Roger?* he's a good fellow: an houre or two well ſpent in wholſome mirth, is worth a thouſand of theſe puling paſſions. 'Tis an ill world for Lovers.

Lady They were never fewer.

El: Lo. I thanke God there's one leſſe for me Lady.

La. You were never any Sir.

El: Lo. Till now, and now I am the prettieſt fellow.

La. You talke like a Taylor Sir.

El: Lo. Me thinkes your faces are no ſuch fine things now.

La. Why, did you tell me you were wiſe. Lord what a lying age is this, where will you mend theſe faces?

El: Lo. A Hogs face ſouſt is worth a hundred of um.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

El: Lo. She brought ſuch fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parſons, Lady.

La. 'Tis well you will allow us our Cleargy yet.

El: Lo. That ſhall not ſave you. O that I were in love againe with a wiſh.

La. By this light you are a ſcurvie fellow, pray be gone.

El: Lo. You know *I* am a cleane skind man.

La. Doe *I* know it?

El. Lo. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: but not

not a ſnap, never long for't, not a ſnap deare Lady.

La. Harke ye Sir, Harke ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's horſe fleſh for ſuch hounds: will you goe Sir?

El: Lo. Lord how *I* lov'd this woman, how *I* worſhipt this pretty calfe with the white face here: as I live, you were the prettieſt foole to play withall, the wittieſt little varlet, it would talke: Lord how it talk't; and when *I* angred it, it would cry out, and ſcratch, and eate no meat, and it would ſay, goe hang.

La. *I*t will ſay ſo ſtill, if you anger it.

El: Lo. And when *I* askt it if it would be married, it ſent me of an errant into *France*, and would abuſe me, and be glad it did ſo.

La. Sir this is moſt unmanly, pray be gone.

El: Lo. And ſweare (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhanſome. *La.* Have you no maners in you?

El: Lo. And ſay my backe was melted, when God he knowes, *I* kept it at a charge: Foure *Flanders* Mares, would have been eaſier to me, and a Fencer.

La. You thinke all this is true now?

El: Lo. Faith whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you. But ſo much for our mirth. Now have at you in earneſt.

La. There's enough Sir, *I* deſire no more.

El: Lo. Yes faith, weele have a caſt at your beſt parts now, And then the Devill take the worſt.

La. Pray ſir no more, *I* am not ſo much affected with your cõmendations, 'tis almoſt dinner, *I* know they ſtay for you at the Ordnary.

El: Lo. E'ne a ſhort Grace, and then *I* am gone; You are a woman, and the proudeſt that ever lov'd a Coach: the ſcornfulleſt, ſcurvieſt, and moſt ſenceleſſe woman; the greedieſt to be prais'd, and never mov'd, though it be groſſe and open; the moſt envious, that at the poore fame of anothers face, would eate your owne, and more than is your owne, the paint belonging to it: of ſuch a ſelfe opinion, that you thinke none can deſerve your glove: and for your mahce, you are ſo excellent, you might have beene your Tempters tutor: nay, never cry.

La: Your owne heart knowes you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El: Lo. You ſhall before I leave you.

La. Is all this ſpoke in earneſt?

El: Lo. Yes and more as ſoone as *I* can get it out.

La. Well!

La. Well out with't. *El: Lo.* You are; let me see.

La. One that has us'd you with too much respect.

El: Lo. One that hath us'd me (since you will have it so) the baseſt, the moſt Foot-boy like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me; you have us'd me, as I would use a Iade, ride him off's legs, then turne him to the Commons; you have us'd me with discretion, and I thanke ye. If you have many more such pretty Servants, pray build an Hoſpitall, and when they are old, pray keepe um for shame.

La. I cannot thinke yet this is serious.

El: Lo. Will you have more on't?

La. No faith, there's enough if it be true:
Too much by all my part, you are no Lover then?

El: Lo. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

La. Why, the Gods amend all.

El: Lo. Neither doe I thinke there can be such a fellow found i'th world, to be in love with such a froward woman: if there be such, th'are mad, *love* comfort um. Now have you all, and I as new a man, as light, and spirited, that I feele my selfe cleane through another creature. O 'tis brave to be ones owne man, I can see you now as I would see a Picture, sit all day by you and never kisse your hand: heare you sing, and never fall backward: but with as set a temper, as I would heare a Fidler rise and thanke you. I can now keepe my money in my purse, that still was gadding out for Scarfes and Waistcoats: and keepe my hand from Mercers sheepskins finely. I can eate Mutton now, and feast my selfe with my too Shillings, and can see a Play for eighteene pence againe, I can my Lady.

La. The carriage of this fellow vexes mee. Sir, pray let mee speake a little private with you, I must not suffer this.

El: Lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me?
You will not raviſh me? Now, your set speech?

La. Thou perjur'd man. *El: Lo.* Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *exordium*?
And why I pray you perjur'd?

La. Did you not sweare a thousand thousand times you lov'd me best of all things?

El: Lo. I doe confesse it: make your best of that.

La. Why doe you say you doe not then?

El. Lo. Nay,

El. Lo. Nay ile ſweare it.
And give ſufficient reaſon, your owne uſage.
La. Doe you not love me now then? *El. Lo.* No faith.
La. Did you ever thinke I lou'd you dearely?
El. Lo. Yes, but I ſee but rotten fruits on't.
La. Doe not deny your hand, for I muſt kiſſe it, and take my laſt farewell: now let me die, ſo you be happy?
El. Lo. I am too fooliſh: Lady, ſpeake deare Lady.
La. No let me die. *Shee ſwounes.*
Ma. Oh my ſiſter! *Abi.* O my Lady, helpe, helpe.
Mar. Run for ſome *Roſaſolis.*
El. Lo. I have plaid the fine aſſe: bend her body; Lady, beſt, deareſt, worthieſt Lady, heare your Servant: I am not as I ſhew'd: O wretched foole, to fling away the Iewell of thy life thus. Give her more aire, ſee, ſhe begins to ſtir, ſweet Miſtris heare me?
La. Is my Servant well? *El. Lo.* In being yours I am ſo.
La. Then I care not.
El. Lo. How do ye, reach a chaire there; I confeſſe my fault not pardonable: in purſuing thus upon ſuch tenderneſſe, my wilfull error; but had I knowne it would have wrought thus with ye, thus ſtrangely; not the world had wonne me to it, and let not (my beſt Lady) any word ſpoke to any end diſturbe your quiet peace: for ſooner ſhall you know a generall ruine, then my faith broken. Doe not doubt this Miſtris, for by my life I cannot live without you. Come, come, you ſhall not grieve, rather be angry, and heape affliction on me: I will ſuffer. O I could curſe my ſelfe, pray ſmile upon me. Vpon my faith it was but a tricke to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet ſtrangely that you would never ſhew it, though my meanes was all humility.
All. Ha, ha. *El. Lo.* How now?
La. I thanke you fine foole for your moſt fine plot; this was a ſubtill one, a ſtiffe device to have caught Dotrels with, good ſenſeleſſe ſir, could you imagine I ſhould ſwoune for you, and know your ſelfe to be an arrant aſſe? I, ha' diſcovered one. Tis quit, I thanke you Sir. Ha, ha, ha.
Mar. Take heed Sir, ſhe may chance to ſwoune againe?
All. Ha, ha, ha.
Abig. Step to her ſir, ſee how ſhe changes colour.

El. Lo. Ile goe to hell firſt, and be better welcome.
I am foold, I doe confeſſe it, finely foold:
Lady, foold Madam, and I thanke you for it.
La. Faith tis not ſo much worth Sir:
But if I knew when you come next a burding,
Ile have a ſtronger nooſe to hold the Woodcocke.
All. Ha, ha, ha.
Eld. Lo. I am glad to ſee you merry; pray laugh on.
Mar. Had a hard heart that could not laugh, youle anger him,
And then hee'l raile like a rude Coſtermonger,
That Schoole-boyes had cozened of his Apples,
As loud and ſenſeleſſe?
El. Lo. I will not raile.
Mar. Faith then lets heare him ſiſter.
El. Lo. Yes, you ſhall heare me.
La. Shall we be the better by it then?
Eld. Lo. No, he that makes a woman better by his words,
Ile have him Sainted: blowes will not doe it.
La. By this light heele beate us.
Eld. Lo. You doe deſerve it richly,
And may live to have a Beadle doe it.
La. Now he railes?
Eld. Lo. Come ſcornefull Folly.
If this be rayling, you ſhall heare me raile.
La. Pray put it in good words then.
El. Lo. The worſt are good enough for ſuch a trifle,
Such a proud peece of Cobweblawne.
La. You bite ſir?
El. Lo. I would, till the bones crackt, and I had my will.
Mar. We had beſt muzzell him, he growes mad.
El. Lo. I would 'twere lawfull in the next great ſickneſſe to have the Dogs ſpared, thoſe harmeleſſe creatures, and knocke i'th head theſe hot continuall plagues, women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will thinke on't. *La.* Are you well ſir?
Mar. He lookes as though he had a grievous fit o'th Collick.
El. Lo. Greene-ginger will cure me.
Abig. Ile heate a trencher for him.
El. Lo. Durty *December*, doe: Thou with a face as old as *Erra*

Pater

Pater, ſuch a Prognoſticating noſe: thou thing that ten yeares ſince has left to be a woman, outworne the expectation of a Baud; and thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or ninepins; pray goe fetch a trencher, goe.

La. Let him alone, he's crackt.

Abig. Ile ſee him hang'd firſt, he's a beaſtl fellow to uſe a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, Ide make him eate his Knaves words?

El. Lo. Tie your ſhe Otter up, good Lady folly, ſhee ſtinkes worſe then a Beare-baiting.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

El. Lo. Goe paint and purge, call in your kennell with you: you a Lady?

Abig. Sirra, looke to't againſt the quarter Seſſions, if there bee good behaviour in the world, ile have thee bound to it.

El. Lo. You muſt not ſeeke it in your Ladies houſe then; pray ſend this Ferret home, and ſpinne good *Abigall*. And Madam, that your Ladiſhip may know, in what baſe manner you have us'd my ſervice, I doe from this houre hate thee heartily; and though your folly ſhould whip you to repentance, & waken you at length to ſee my wrongs, tis not the endeavour of your life ſhall win me, not all the friends you have make interceſſion, nor your ſubmiſſive letters, though they ſpoke, as many teares as words, not your knees growne to'th ground in penitence, nor all your ſtate, to kiſſe you; nor my pardon nor will to give you Chriſtian buriall, if you die thus; ſo farewell. When I am married, and made ſure, ile come and viſit you againe, and vexe you Lady. By all my hopes ile be a torment to you, worſe then a tedious winter. I know you will recant and ſue to me; but ſave that labour: Ile rather love a fever and continuall thirſt, rather contract my youth to drinke, and ſacerdote upon quarrels, or take a drawne whore from an Hoſpitall, that time, diſeaſes, and *Mercury* had eaten, then to be drawn to love you.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray doe, but take heed though.

El. Lo. From thee, falſe dice, Iades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliver me. *Exit El. Love.*

La. But harke you Servant, harke yee: is he gone? call him againe.

Abig. Hang him Padocke.

La. Art thou here ſtill? flie, flie, and call my Servant, flie, or nere ſee me more.

Abig. I had rather knit againe then ſee that raſcall, but *I* muſt doe it. *Exit Abig.*

La. *I* would be loath to anger him too much; what fine foolery is this in a woman, to uſe thoſe men moſt frowardly they love moſt? If *I* ſhould looſe him thus, *I* were rightly ſerved. *I* hope he's not ſo much himſelfe, to take it to th'heart: how now? will he come backe? *Enter Abig.*

Abig. Never he ſweares, whilſt hee can heare men ſay ther's any woman living: he ſwore he would ha' me firſt.

La. Didſt thou intreat him wench?

Abig. As well as *I* could Madam. But this is ſtill your way, to love being abſent, and when he's with you, laugh at him, and abuſe him. There's another way if you could hit on't.

La. Thou ſaiſt true, get me paper, pen and inke, Ile write to him, ide be loath he ſhould ſleepe in's anger.
Women are moſt fooles when they thinke th'are wiſeſt.

Ex. omnes.

Muſicke. Enter young Loveleſſe and Widdow going to be Married, with them his Comrades.

Wid. Pray ſir caſt off theſe fellowes, as unfitting for your bare Knowledge, and farre more your company: is't fit ſuch Ragamuffins as theſe are, ſhould beare the name of friends? and furniſh out a civill houſe? y'are to bee marri[illegible]ow, and men that love you muſt expect a courſe far from yo[illegible]d carriage: if you will keepe um, turne um to'th ſtable, and there make um groomes: and yet now I conſider it, ſuch beggers once ſet a horſe backe, you have heard will ride, how farre, you had beſt to looke to.

Cap. Heare you, you that muſt be Lady, pray content your ſelfe and thinke upon your carriage ſoone at night, what dreſſing will beſt take your Knight, what waſt-coat, what cordiall will doe well i'th morning for him, what triers have you?

Wid. What doe you meane Sir?

Cap. Thoſe that muſt ſwitch him up: if he ſtart well, feare not, but cry Saint *George*, and beare him hard: when you perceive his wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little downe, h'is fleet, nere doubt him, and ſtands ſound.

Wid. Sir

Wid. Sir, you heare theſe fellowes?

Yo. Lo. Merry companions, wench, merry companions.

Wid. To one another let um be companions, but good Sir not to you: you ſhall be civill, and ſlip off theſe baſe trappings.

Cap. He ſhall not need, my moſt ſweet Lady Grocer, if he be civill, not your powdered Sugar, nor your Reaſons ſhall perſwade the Captaine to live a Coxcombe with him; let him be civill and eate i'th *Arches*, and ſee what will come on't.

Poet. Let him bee civill, doe: undoe him; I, that's the next way. I will not take (if he be civill once) two hundred pounds a yeare to live with him; be civill: there's a trim perſwaſion.

Cap. If thou beeſt civill Knight, as *Iove* defends it, get thee another noſe, that will be pull'd off by the angry boyes for thy converſion: the children thou ſhalt get on this Civillian, cannot inherit by the law, th'are *Ethnicks*, and all thy ſport meere Morrall lecherie: when they are growne having but little in um, they may prove Haberdaſhers, or groſſe Grocers, like their deare Damme there: prethee be civill Knight, in time thou maiſt reade to thy houſhold, and be drunke once a yeare: this would ſhew finely.

Yo. Lo. I wonder ſweet heart you will offer this, you doe not underſtand theſe Gentlemen: I will bee ſhort and pithy: I had rather caſt you off by the way of charge: theſe are Creatures, that nothing goes to the maintenance of but Corne and Water. I will keepe theſe fellowes juſt in the Competencie of two Hens.

Wid. If you can caſt it ſo Sir, you have my liking? if they eate leſſe, I ſhould not be offended. But how theſe Sir, can live upon ſo little as Corne, and Water, I am unbeleeving.

Yo. Lo. Why prethee ſweet heart, what's your Ale? is not that Corne and Water, my ſweet Widdow?

Wid. I but my ſweet Knight, where's the meat to this, and clothes that they muſt looke for?

Young. Lo. In this ſhort ſentence, Ale, is all included; Meate, Drinke, and Cloath; Theſe are no ravening Footmen, no fellowes, that at Ordinaries dare eate their eighteene-pence thrice out before they riſe, and yet goe hungry to a play, and cracke more nuts then would ſuffice a dozen Squirrels; beſides the din

which is damnable: I had rather raile, and be confin'd to a *Boat-maker*, then live amongst such rascals, these are people of such a cleane discretion in their diet, of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweate, if they but smell hot meate. *Porrenge* is poyson, they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter, and shew um but a Fether-bed they swound. Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, which keepes their bodies cleare, and soluble. Bread is a Binder, and for that abolisht even in their Ale, whose lost roome fils an Apple, which is more aire, and of subtiller nature. The rest they take is little, and that little is little easie: For like strict men of order, they doe correct their bodies with a bench, or a poore stubborne table; if a Chimney offer it selfe with some few broken rushes, they are in downe: when they are sicke, that's drunke, if they may have fresh straw, else they doe despise these worldly pampe-rings. For their poore apparell, tis worne out to the diet; new they seeke none; and if a man should offer, they are angry: scarce to be reconcil'd againe with him: you shall not heare 'em aske one a cast doubletonce in a yeare, which is modesty befitting my poore friends: you see their *Wardrope*, though slender, competent: For shirts I take it, they are things worne out of their remembrance. Lousie they will be when they list, and *Mangie*, which shewes a fine veriety: & then to cure em, a *Tanners* lime pit, which is little charge, to dogs, and these; these two may be cur'd for 3. pence.

Wid. You have halfe perswaded me, pray use your pleasure: and my good friends, since I doe know your diet, ile take an order, meate shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

Cap. We aske no more, let it be mighty Lady: and if we perish, then our owne sinnes on us.

Yo. Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we have done, ile give you cheare in bowles. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actvs 5. Scena. 1.

Enter Elder Loveleſſe.

Eld. Love. This senseleſſe woman vexes me toth' heart, shee will not from my memory: would she were a man for one two houres, that I might beate her. If I had beene unhansome, old, or jealous,

jealous, 'thad beene an even lay, she might have scorn'd me; but to be young; and by this light, I thinke as proper as the proudest; made as cleane, as straight, and strong backt; meanes and manners, equall with the best cloth of silver, sir, i'th Kingdome: But these are things at some time of the Moone, below the cut of Canuas: Sure she has some Meaching Rascall in her house, some hinde, that she hath seene beare (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malt upon his backe, and sing with it, thrash all day, and ith evening in his stockings, strike up a Horne-pipe, and there stinke two houres, and nere a whit the worse man; these are they, these steele chind rascals that undoe us all. Would I had beene a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speake with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in. *Enter Welford.*

Wel. By your leave Sir.

El. Lo. You are welcome, what's your will Sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El. Lo. I doe not much remember you.

Wel. You must Sir. I am the Gentleman you pleased to wrong, in your disguise, I have inquired you out.

El. Lo. I was disguised indeed sir, if I wrong'd you; Pray where, and when?

Wel. In such a Ladies house, I need not name her.

El. Lo. I doe remember you, you seemed to be a Suter to that Lady?

Wel. If you remember this, doe not forget how scurvily you used me: that was no place to quarrell in, pray you thinke of it; If you be honest, you dare fight with me, without more urging, else *I* must provoke yee.

El. Lo. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman, I will not have her in my cause, she is mortall, and so is not my anger: if you have brought a Nobler Subject for our swords, I am for you; in this I would be loath to prick my finger And where you say I wrongd you, tis so far from my profession, that amongst my feares, so doe wrong is the greatest: credit me we have bin both abused (not by our selves, for that I hold a spleene, no sinne of malice, and may with man enough bee left forgotten) but by that wilfull, scornefull peece of hatred, that much forgetfull Lady: For whose

sake

ſake, if we ſhould leave our reaſon, and runne on upon our ſenſe, like Rams: the little world of good men would laugh at us, and deſpiſe us, fixing upon our deſperate memories the never-worne out names of Fooles, and Fencers. Sir tis not feare, but reaſon makes me tell you; In this I had rather helpe you ſir, then hurt you, and you ſhall find it, though you throw your ſelfe into as many dangers as ſhe offers, though you redeeme her loſt name every day, and find her out new honours with your ſword, you ſhall but be her mirth as I have beene.

Wel. I aske you mercie ſir, you have tane my edge off: yet I would faine be even with this Lady.

El. Lo. In which ile be your helper: we are two, and they are two: two ſiſters, rich alike; only the elder has the prouder dowrie: In troth I pittie this diſgrace in you, yet of mine owne I am ſenſeleſſe: doe but follow my councell, and ile pawne my ſpirit, wee'l over-reach 'em yet; the meanes is this.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs ſpeake with you, I cannot keepe her out, ſhe's entred ſir.

El. Lo. It is the waiting woman, pray be not ſeene: ſirrha, hold her in diſcourſe awhile: harke in your eare, goe, and diſpatch it: quickly, when I come in, ile tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have. *Exit Welford.*

El. Lo. Away, tis done, ſhee muſt not ſee you: now Lady *Gwininer*, what newes with you? *Enter Abigall.*

Abig. Pray leave theſe frumps ſir, and receive this Letter.

El. Lo. From whom, good vanitie?

Abig. Tis from my Lady ſir: alas good Soule, ſhe cries and takes on.

El. Lo. Do's ſhe ſo good Soule? would ſhe not have a Cawdle? do's ſhe ſend you with your fine Oratorie goody *Tully* to tie mee to beliefe againe? Bring out the Cat-hounds, ile make you take a tree whore, then with my tiller bring downe your *Gibſhip*, and then have you caſt, and hung up i'th Warren.

Abig. I am no beaſt ſir, would you knew it.

El. Lo. Wo'd I did, for I am yet very doubtfull: what will you ſay now?

Abig. Nothing not I.

El. Lo

El. Lo. Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

Ab. Vnlesse you'l heare me with more moderation, I can speak wise enough.

El. Lo. And loud enough? will your Lady love me?

Ab. It seemes so by her Letter, and her lamentations; but you are such another man.

El. Lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps; nor will not bee: Ile read her fine Epistle: ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistresse mad?

Ab. For you she will bee, 'tis a shame you should use a poore gentlewoman so untowardly; she loves the ground you tread on; and you (hard heart) because shee jested with you, meane to kill her; tis a fine conquest as they say.

El. Lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy whitleather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would have sworne thou hadst beene touch-wood five yeares since; Nay, let it raine, thy face chops for a shower like a dry Dunghill.

Ab. Ile not indure this Ribauldry; Farewell i'th devils name; if my Lady die, ile beswome before a Iury, thou art the cause on't.

El. Lo. Doe, Maukin, doe, deliver to your Lady from me this: I meane to see her, if I have no other busines: which before ile want to come to her, I meane to goe seeke Birds nests: yet I may come too: but if I come, from this doore till I see her, will I thinke how to raile vildly at her; how to vexe her, and make her cry so much, that the Physician, if she fall sicke upon't, shall want urine to find the cause by: and she remedilesse die in her heresie: Farewell old Adage, I hope to see the boyes make potguns o'n thee.

Ab. Th'art a vile man, God blesse my issue from thee.

El. Lo. Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble so; you must be ground i'th breech like a top, youle nere spin well else: Farewell Fytchocke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

La Is it not strange that every womans will should tracke out new wayes to disturbe her selfe? if I should call my reason to account, it cannot answere why I keepe my selfe from mine owne wish; and stoppe the man I love from his; and every houre repent againe, yet still goe on; I know tis like a man, that wants his naturall sleepe, and growing dull would gladly give the remnant of his life for two houres rest; yet through his frowardnesse, will rather choose to watch another man,

Browſie as hee, then take his owne repoſe. All this I know: yet a ſtrange peviſhneſſe & anger, not to have the power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine owne ruine: I had rather die ſometimes, then not diſgrace in publike him whom people thinke I love, and doo't with oathes, and am in earneſt then. O what are we! Men, you muſt anſwer this, that dare obey ſuch things as we command. How now? what newes? *Ent. Abigale.*

Ab. Faith Madam none worth hearing.

La. Is he not come? *Ab.* No truely.

La. Nor has he writ?

Ab. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your ſelfe:

La. Why, but what ſayes he?

Ab. Faith he talkes ſtrangely. *La.* How ſtrangely?

Ab. Firſt at your Letter he laught extreamely?

La. What, in contempt?

Ab. He laught monſtrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrote it, I thinke you were in no ſuch merry mood, to provoke him that way: and having done, he cryed alas for her, and violently laught againe.

La. Did he? *Ab,* Yes, till I was angry.

La. Angry, why? why wert thou angry? hee did doe but well, I did deſerve it, he had beene a foole, an unfit man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me: you were angry, that ſhew'd your folly; I ſhall love him more for that, then all that ere he did before: but ſaid he nothing elſe?

Ab. Many uncertaine things: hee ſaid, though you had mockt him, becauſe you were a woman, hee could wiſh to doe you ſo much favour as to ſee you: yet he ſaid, hee knew you raſh, and was loath to offend you with the ſight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

La. What one was that?

Ab. I know not, but truely I doe feare there is a making up there: for I heard the ſervants, as I paſt by ſome, whiſper ſuch a thing: and as I came backe through the hall, there were two or three Clarkes writing great convaiances in haſte, which they ſaid, were for their Miſtris joynter.

La. Tis very like, and fit it ſhould be ſo, for he does thinke, and reaſonably thinke, that I ſhould keepe him with my idle tricks, for ever ere he be married.

Ab. At

Ab. At last he said, it should goe hard but he would see you for your satisfaction.

La. All we that are call'd Women, know as well as men, it were a farre more Noble thing to grace where we are grac't, & give respect there wher we are respected: yet we practise a wilder course, and never bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they find the way to give us a neglect: then we, too late, perceive the losse of what we might have had, and dote till death. *Enter Martha.*

Ma. Sister, yonders your servant, with a gentlewoman with him.

La. Where? *Mar.* Close at the doore.

La. Ah! las I am undone, I feare he is betroth'd,
What kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill favoured one, with her Masque on:
And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

La. But yet her mind was of a milder stuffe then mine was.

Enter Eld. Loveless, and Welford in womans apparell.

La. Now I see him, if my heart swell not againe (away thou womans pride) so that I cannot speake a gentle word to him, let me (not live.

El. Lo. By your leave here.

La How now, what new tricke invites you hither?
Ha' you a fine device againe?

El. Lo. Faith this is the fineſt device I have now:
How dost thou sweet heart?

Wel. Why very well, so long as I may please
You my deare Lover, I nor can, nor will,
Be ill, when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. O thy sweet temper: what would I have given, that Lady had beene like thee: seest thou her? that face (my love) joyn'd with thy humble mind, had made a wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my love, what God hath done, I dare not thinke to mend. I use no paint, nor any drugs of art, my hands and face will shew it.

La. Why what thing have you brought to shew us there? doe you take money for it?

El. Lo. A godlike thing, not to be bought for money: tis my Mistris: in whom there is no passion, nor no scorne: what I will, is for law; pray you salute her.

La. Salute her? by this good light, I would not kisse her for halfe my wealth.

El. Lo. Why? why pray you?
You shall see me do't afore you; looke you.

La. Now fie upon thee, a beast would not have don't. I would not kisse thee of a moneth to gaine a Kingdome.

El. Lo. Marry you shall not be troubled.

La. Why was there ever such a *Meg* as this?
Sure thou art mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once, when I lov'd pictures; for what are shape and colour else, but pictures? in that tawnie hide there lies an endlesse masse of vertues, when all your red & white ones want (it.

La. And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't.

La. God give you joy. *El. Lo.* Amen.

Wel. I thanke you, as unknowne for your good wish:
The like to you when ever you shall wed.

El. Lo. O gentle Spirit.

La. You thanke me? I pray
Keepe your breath neerer you, I doe not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much lesse a Lady of your worthy parts.

Eld. Lo. Sweet, sweet.

La. I doe not thinke this woman can by nature be thus,
Thus ugly; sure shee's some common Strumpet,
Deform'd with exercise of sinne?

Wel. O Sir beleeve not this, for heaven so comfort me, as *I* am free from foule pollution with any man; my honour taine away, *I* am no woman.

El. Lo. Arise my deerest Soule; *I* doe not credit it. Alas, *I* feare her tender heart will breake with this reproach; fie that you know no more civilitie to a weake Virgin: Tis no matter Sweet, let her say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at all; be careleſſe.

Wel. For all things else *I* would, but for mine honor, Me thinks.

El. Lo. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd;
Is this the busines that you sent for me about?

Ma. Faith Sister you are much to blame, to use a woman, whatsoere she be, thus; Ile salute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. *I* humbly thanke you.

El. Lo. Mild yet as the Dove, for all these injuries. Come shall

we goe, I love thee not so ill to keepe thee here a jesting stocke. Adue to the worlds ende.

La. Why, whither now?

El. Lo. Nay, you shall never know, because you shall not find me.

La. I pray let me speake with you.

El. Lo. Tis very well: come.

La. I pray you let me speake with you.

El, Lo. Yes for another mocke.

La. By heaven I have no mockes: good Sir a word.

El. Lo. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet if you bee in such earnest, Ile speake a word with you? but I beseech you be briefe: for in good faith there's a Parson and a license stay for us i'th Church all this while: and you know tis night.

La. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have heretofore spoke jestingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where, what I shall utter now is from my heart, and as I meane.

El. Lo. Well, well, what doe you meane?

La. Was not I once your Mistresse, and you my Servant?

El. Lo. O 'tis about the old matter.

La. Nay, good Sir, stay me out; I would but heare you excuse your selfe, why you should take this woman, and leave me.

El. Lo. Prethee why not, deserves she not as much as you?

La. I thinke not, if you will looke
With an indifferencie upon us both.

El. Lo. Vpon your faces, tis true: but if judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand women of her in worth: She cannot swound in jest, nor set her lover taskes, to shew her peevishnesse, and his affection, nor crosse what he saies, though it bee Canonicall. She's a good plaine wench, that will doe as I will have her, and bring me lusty boyes to throw the Sledge, and lift at Pigs of lead: and for a wife, she's farre beyond you: what can you doe in a houshold to provide for your issue, but lie a bed and get um? your busines is to dresse you, and at idle houres to eate; when she can doe a thousand profitable things: She can doe pretty well in the Paistrie, and knowes how pullen should bee cram'd, she cuts Cambrick at a third: weaves bone-lace, and quilts bals: And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a license to forswear your selfe?

El. Lo. Forſweare my ſelfe, how?

La. Perhaps, you have forgot the innumerable oathes you have uttered, in diſclaiming all for wives but me: Ile not remember you: God give you joy.

El. Lo. Nay but conceive me, the intent of oathes is ever underſtood. Admit I ſhould proteſt to ſuch a friend, to ſee him at his lodging to morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were ſtrucke blind, or he hid him, where my diligent ſearch could not find him: ſo there were no croſſe act of mine owne in't. Can it be imagined I meane, to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not. I make already tender of my ſelfe, and then you are forſworne.

El. Lo. Some ſinne I ſee indeed muſt neceſſarily fall upon me, as whoſoever deales with women ſhall never utterly avoid it: yet, I would chuſe the leaſt ill; which is to forſake you, that have done mee all the abuſes of a malignant woman; contemn'd my ſervice, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I had beene paſt getting of children: then her that hath forſooke her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word.

La. Which of us ſwore you firſt to?

El. Lo. Why to you.

La. Which oath is to be kept then?

El. Lo. Iprethee doe not urge my ſinnes unto me,
VVithout I could amend um.

La. Why you may by wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that ſatisfie my word to her?

La. Tis not to be kept, and needs no ſatisfaction,
Tis an error fit for repentance onely.

El. Lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender hearted Virgin ſo? It may not be?

La. Why may it not be?

El. Lo. I ſweare I had rather marry thee, then her: but yet mine honeſtie?

La. What honeſtie? Tis more preſerved this way:
Come, by this light ſervant thou ſhalt, Ile kiſſe thee on't.

El. Lo. This Kiſſe indeed is ſweet, pray God no ſin lie under it.

La. There is no ſinne at all, try but another.

Wel. O my heart.

Mar. Helpe

[*Mar.* Helpe Sister, this Lady swounes.

El. Lo. How doe you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you be so, a most ungodly thing. *El. Lo.* Heare me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter; I did make an oath when you delaid me so; that this very night I would be married. Now if you will goe without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, with your owne Minister to your owne Chappell, Ile wed you and to bed.

[*La.* A match deare servant.

El. Lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would not though for all her injuries, such is her spirit, if I be not ashamed to kisse her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I see you goe, as sliely as you thinke to steale away, yet I will pray for you; All blessings of the world light on you two, that you may live to bee an aged paire. All curses on me if I doe not speake what I doe wish indeed.

El. Lo. If I can speake to purpose to her, I am a villaine.

La. Servant away.

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant man? thinke you he will not cast you off to morrow; to wrong a Lady thus, look't she like dirt, 'twas basely done. May you nere prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas I was unworthy, so *I* told him.

Mar. That was your modesty, too good for him:
I would not see your wedding for a world.

La. Chuse, chuse, come *Yonglove.*] *Ex. La. El. Lo.*

Mar. Dry up your eyes forsooth, you shall not thinke wee are uncivill, as such beasts as these. Would *I* knew how to give you a revenge.

Wel. So would not *I*: no let me suffer truely, that *I* desire.

Mar. Pray walke in with me, Tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse then mine; *I* wish I could but doe you right.

Wel. My humble thankes:
God grant I may but live to quit your love. *Exeunt.*

Enter Yong Loveless and Savill.

Yo. Lo. Did your Master send for me *Savill?*

Sa. Yes, he did send for your worship Sir.

Yo. Lo. Doe you know the busines?

Sa. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am imployed beyond my

houres

houres of eating. My dancing dayes are done Sir.

Yo. Lo. What art thou now then.

Sa. If you conſider me in little, I am with your worſhips reverence Sir, a raſcall: one that upon the next anger of you brother, muſt raiſe a ſconce by the high way, and ſell ſwitches; My wife is learning now Sir to weave Inckle.

Yo. Lo. What doſt thou meane to doe with thy children *Savill*?

Sa, My eldeſt boy is halfe a rogue already, he was borne burſten, and your worſhip knowes, that is a pretty ſtep to mens capaſſions. My youngeſt boy I purpoſe Sir to bind for ten yeares to a Taylor, to draw under him, that he may ſhew us mercie in his function.

Yo. Lo. Your familie is quartered with diſcretion: you are reſolved to cant then: where *Savill* ſhall your ſceane lie.

Sa. Beggers muſt be no chooſers:
In every place (I take it) but the ſtockes.

Yo. Lo. This is your drinking, and your whoring, *Savill*;
I told you of it, but your heart was hardned.

Sa. Tis true, you were the firſt that told me of it, I doe remember yet in teares, you told me you would have whores, and in that paſſion Sir, you broke out thus; Thou miſerable man, repent, and brew three ſtrikes more in a hogſhead. Tis noone ere wee be drunke now, and the time can tarry for no man.

Yo. Lo. Y'are growne a bitter Gentleman. I ſee miſery can cleare your head better then muſtard. Ile be a Sutor for your keyes againe Sir.

Sa. Will you but bee ſo gracious to me Sir? I ſhall be bound.

Yo. Lo. You ſhall Sir.
To your bunch againe, or Ile miſſe ſouly.

Enter Morecraft.

Mor. Save yo Gentleman, ſave you.

Yo. Lo. Now Polecat, what young Rabets neſt have you to (draw?

Mor. Come, prethee be familiar Knight.

Yo. Lo. Away Foxe, Ile ſend for Terrieres for you.

Mor. Thou art wide yet: Ile keepe thee company.

Yo. Lo. I am about ſome buſines; Indentures,
If ye follow me ile beate you, take heed;
As I live ile cancell your Coxcombe.

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Vſurer:

What

What poore fellow's this?

Sa. I am poore indeed Sir.

Mor. Give him money Knight.

Yo. Lo. Doe you begin the offering.

Mor. There poore fellow, here's an angell for thee.

Yo Lo. Art thou in earneſt *Morecraft?*

Mo. Yes faith Knight, Ile follow thy example: thou hadſt land and thouſands, thou ſpendſt, and flungſt away, and yet it flowes in double: I purchaſ'd, wrung, & wierdraw'd for my wealth, loſt, and was cozened: for which I make a vow, to try all the wayes above ground, but Ile find a conſtant meanes to riches without curſes.

Yo Lo. I am glad of your converſion Maſter *Morecraft:* Y'are in a faire courſe, pray purſue it ſtill.

Mor. Come, we are all gallants now, Ile keepe thee compaoy; Here honeſt fellow, for this Gentlemans ſake, there's two angels more for thee.

Sa. God quite you Sir, and keepe you long in this mind.

Yo Lo. Wilt thou perſevere?

Mor. Till I have a penny. I have brave clothes a making, and two horſes; canſt thou not helpe me to a match Knight, Ile lay a thouſand pound upon my crop-eare.

Yo. Lo. Foote, this is ſtranger then an *Affricke* Monſter, There will be no more talke of the *Cleave* warres Whilſt this laſts, come, Ile put thee into blood.

Sa. Would all his damb'd tribe were as tender hearted. I beſeech you let this Gentleman joyne with you in the recovery of my Keyes; I like his good beginning Sir, the whilſt Ile pray for both your worſhips. *Yo. Lo.* He ſhall Sir.

Mor. Shall we goe noble Knight? I would faine be acquainted.

Yo. Lo. Ile be your Servant Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eld. Loveleſſe and Ladie.

El. Lo. Faith my ſweet Lady, I have caught you now, maug er your ſubtilties, and fine deviſes, be coy againe now.

La. Prethee ſweet-heart tell true.

El. Lo. By this light, by all the pleaſures I have had this night, by your loſt maidenhead, you are cozened meerely, I have caſt beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer *Welford.*

La. It cannot be ſo.

El. Lo. Your ſiſter has found it ſo, or I miſtake, marke how ſhe

 bluſhes

blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travell now, ha, ha, ha.

La. Prethee sweet-heart be quiet, thou hast angred me at heart.

El. Lo. Ile please you soone againe. *La.* Welford.

El. Lo. I *Welford*, hee's a young handsome fellow, well bred and landed: your Sister can instruct you in his good parts, better then I by this time.

La. Yds foot um I fetch over thus?

El. Lo. Yes ifaith:
And over shall be fetch againe, never feare it.

La. I must be patient, though it torture me:
You have got the Sunne Sir.

El. Lo. And the Moone too, in which Ile be the man.

La. But had I knowne this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should have hunted three traines more, before you had come toth' course, you should have hanckt o'th bridle, sir, ifaith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you up.
Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For Gods sake sir, be private in this businesse,
You have undone me else. O God, what have I done?

Wel. No harme I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I looke upon my friends againe?
With what face?

Wel. Why, eu'e with that: tis a good one, thou canst not find a better: looke upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall find um smooth still, faire still, sweet still, and to your thinking honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare doe Mistresse, and yet they keepe no stirre.

Mar. Good sir goe in, and put your womans clothes on:
If you be seene thus, I am lost for ever.

Wel. Ile watch you for that Mistris: I am no foole, here will I tarry till the house be up, and witnesse with me.

Mar. Good deare friend goe in.

Wel. To bed againe if you please, else I am fixt here till there be notice taken what I am, and what I have done: if you cou'd juggle mee into my woman-hood againe, and so cog mee out of your company, all this would be forsworne, and *I* againe an *Asine*, as your sister left me. No, Ile have it knowne and publisht, then

if you'le be a whore forſake me and be aſhamed; & when you can hold no longer, marry ſome caſt *Cleve Captaine*, and ſell Bottle-ale.

Mar. I dare not ſtay ſir, uſe me modeſtly, I am your wife.

Wel. Goe in, ile make up all.

El. Lo, Ile bee a witneſſe of your naked truth ſir: this is the gentlewoman, prethee looke upon him, this is he that made mee breake my faith, ſweet: but thanke your ſiſter, ſhe hath ſoderd it.

La. What a dull aſſe was *I*, *I* could not ſee this wencher from a wench: twentie to one, if *I* had beene but tender like my ſiſter, he had ſerved me ſuch a ſlippery tricke too.

Wel. Twenty to one *I* had.

El. Lo. *I* would have watcht you ſir, by your good patience, for ferriting in my ground.

La. You have beene with my ſiſter. *Wel.* Yes to bring.

El. Lo. An heire into the world he meanes.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel, *I* have had my part on't: *I* have beene chaft this three houres, thats the leaſt, *I* am reaſonable coole now,

La, Cannot you fare well, but you muſt cry roaſt-meat?

Wel. Hee that fares well, and will not bleſſe the founders, is either ſurfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for mine owne part, I have found ſo ſweet a diet, I can commend it, though *I* cannot ſpare it.

El. Lo. How like you this diſh, *Welford*, I made a ſupper on't, and fed ſo heartily, I could not ſleepe.

La. By this light, had I but ſented out your traine, ye had ſlept with a bare pillow in your armes, and kiſt that, or elſe the bed-poſt, for any wife yee had got this twelve-moneth yet: I would have vext you more then a tyr'd poſt-horſe, and bin longer bearing, then ever after-game at *Iriſh* was. Lord that *I* were unmarried againe.

El. Lo. Lady *I* would not undertake yee, were you againe a *Haggard*, for the beſt caſt of Ladies i'th Kingdome: you were ever tickle footed, and would not truſſe round.

Wel. Is ſhe faſt? *El. Lo.* She was all night lockt here boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her without feare of looſing: take off her Cranes: You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your ſiſter: Lord what a pretty fury ſhe was in, when ſhee perceived *I* was a man: but I thanke God I ſatisfied her ſcruple, without the parſon oth' towne.

El. Lo. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El.Lo. She has a ſhrewd gueſſe at it, I ſee it by her.

La. Well you may mocke us: but my large Gentle woman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but ſeene into you, you ſhould have had another bedfellow, fitter a great deale for your itch.

Wel. I thanke you Lady, me thought it was well,
You are ſo curious.

Enter Young Loveleſſe, his Lady, Morecraft, Savill and two Serving-men.

El.Lo. Get on your dublet, here comes my brother.

Yo.Lo. Good morrow brother, and all good to your Lady.

Mo. God ſave you, and good morrow to you all.

El.Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poore brother of yours.

La. Fie, how this ſhames me.

Mor. Prethee good fellow helpe me to a cup of beere.

Ser. I will Sir.

Yo.Lo. Brother what make you here? will this Lady doe?
Will ſhe? is ſhe not nettle'd ſtill?

El.Lo. No, I have cur'd her.
Mr. *Welford*, pray know this Gentleman, is my brother.

Wel. Sir I ſhall long to love him.

Yo.Lo. I ſhall not be your debter Sir. But how is't with you?

El.Lo. As well as may be man: I am married: your new acquaintance hath her ſiſter, and all's well.

Yo.Lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady Siſter.
How doe you find my brother?

La. Almoſt as wild as you are.

Yo.Lo. Hee'l make the better husband: you have tried him?

La. Againſt my will Sir.

Yo.Lo. Hee'l make your will amends ſoone, doe not doubt it.
But Sir, I muſt entreat you to be better knowne
To this converted *Iew* here.

Ser. Here's Beere for you Sir.

Mo. And here's for you an angell:
Pray buy no Land, twill never proſper ſir.

El.Lo. How's this?

Yo.Lo. Bleſſe you, and then Ile tell: He's turned Gallant.

El.Lo. Gallant?

Yo.Lo. I, Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft.*

The reaſon Ile informe you at more leiſure.

Wel. O good ſir let me know him preſently.

Yo: Lo: You ſhall hug one another.

Mo. Sir I muſt keepe you company. *El. Lo.* And reaſon.

Yo: Lo. Cutting *Moorecraft* faces about. I muſt preſent another.

Mo. As many as you will Sir, I am for um.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall doe you ſervice.

Mo. I ſhall looke for't in good faith Sir.

El. Lo. Prethee good ſweet-heart kiſſe him.

La. Who, that fellow?

Sa. Sir will it pleaſe you to remember me: my keyes good ſir.

Yo. Lo. Ile doe it preſently.

El. Lo. Come thou ſhalt kiſſe him for our ſport-ſake.

La. Let him come on then; and doe you heare, do not inſtruct me in theſe tricke, for you may repent it.

El. Lo. That at my perill. Luſty Mr. *Moorecraft.* Here is a Lady would ſalute you.

Mo. Shee ſhall not loſe her longing ſir: what is ſhe?

El. Lo. My wife ſir.

Mo. She muſt be then my Miſtreſſe.

La. Muſt I ſir. *El. Lo.* O yes, you muſt.

Mo. And you muſt take this ring, a poore pawne, Of ſome fiftie pound.

El. Lo. Take it by any meanes, 'tis lawfull priſe,

La. Sir I ſhall call you ſervant.

Mo. I ſhall be proud on't: what fellowes that?

Yo. Lo. My Ladies Coachman.

Mo. There's ſomething (my friend) for you to buy whips, And for you ſir, and you ſir.

El. Lo. Vnder a miracle, this is the ſtrangeſt I ever heard of.

Mo. What ſhall we play, or drinke? what ſhall we doe, Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?

Wel. ſtranger and ſtranger! Sir, you ſhall find ſport after a day or two.

Yo. Lo. Sir I have a ſute unto you Concerning your old ſervant *Savill.*

El. La. O, for his Keyes. I know it.

Sa. Now ſir, ſtricke in.

Mor. Sir I must have you grant me.
El. Lo. Tis done sir, take your keyes againe:
But harke you *Savill*, leave off the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze againe:
Ile try you once more.
Sa. If ever I be taken drunke, or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i'th bunch, and open
My head with it sir: I humbly thanke your worships.
El. Lo. Nay then I see we must keepe holiday. *Enter Roger*
Heres the last couple in hell. *& Abigall.*
Ro. Ioy be among you all.
La. Why how now sir, what is the meaning of this emblem?
Ro. Marriage an't like your worship.
La. Are you married?
Ro. As well as the next Priest could doe it, Madam,
Eld. Lo. I thinke the signe's in *Geminie*, here's such coupling.
Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweet heart to night.
Ro. Not the best Benefice in your worships gift sir.
Wel. A whorson, how he swels.
Yo. Lo. How many times to night Sir *Roger*?
Ro. Sir you grow scurrilous:
What I shall doe, I shall doe: I shall not need your helpe,
Yo. Lo. For horse-flesh *Roger*.
El. Lo. Come prethee be not angry, tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.
La. It shall be so sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreate to be at our charge.
El. Lo. *Welford* get you to the Church: by this light
You shall not lie with her againe, till y'e are married.
Wel. I am gone.
Mor. To every Bride, I dedicate this day;
Six healths a peece, and it shall goe hard,
But every one a Iewell: Come be mad boyes.
El. Lo. Th'art in a good beginning: come who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall have the *Van*, lead the way:
Would every dogged wench had such a day. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.